

able Sunday" he had enjoyed at Hampstead in December, 1818. "We went to Wheeler Chapel where Mr. Pratt gave us one of his best sermons. . . . S. Hoare and I stayed the Sacrament, which I entered into more, I think, than I ever did before. When I returned to my seat I went through a kind of service of prayer, which I by practice have formed; first for myself, that I may press forward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of Christ, and that I may be enabled to count all things but loss in comparison; next, that I may be led to useful objects, that I may be allowed to do something for the service of mankind; then that my motives in this may be cleansed and purified, and that I may act as unto the Lord and not unto men. . . . The point, however, which has been all day most upon my mind is a desire that I may work for others in Christ; that is, that His spirit may actuate me to do what good I can, that I may have the high privilege of being his servant and that the performance of His will, and not the applause of men, may be the wages I seek."

This is the right ring, "for Christ, for Christ." A life for Christ is one that most amply meets every other claim. He who sincerely devotes himself to Christ will, in doing that, embrace his brother also. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his own brother whom he hath seen, how can He love God whom he hath not seen?"

Dr. Thomas Guthrie gives us this interesting and suggestive reminiscence of Robert Murray McChesney, "I remember Dr. Anderson, of Morpeth, telling me how, when he was minister of St. Fergus, which he left at the Disruption, McChesney had spent a day or two at his manse; and not only while he was there, but for a week or two after he had left, it seemed a heavenlier place than ever before. Associated with McChesney's person, appearance and conversation, on the walls of the house and everything around seemed to be inscribed, "Holiness unto the Lord."

What an influence there is in a holy man for good; he hallows places, and makes them possess a measure of sacredness. He causes them to be clothed, like a vine branch, with clusters of beautiful and gracious associations in which there is stimulus to the best that is in us.

Archbishop Leighton had a supreme reverence for the Sabbath and the house of God. Upon one occasion when he was indisposed, the day being stormy, his friends urged him, on account of his health, not to venture to Church. But what did he say? "Were the weather fair, I would stay at home, but since it is otherwise, I must go, lest I be thought to countenance by my example the irreligious practice of allowing trivial hindrances to keep me back from public worship." But, observed James Aikman, who writes his life, perhaps the highest eulogium that can be passed on the uniform holiness of his character is the effect that it had on his brother-in-law, who, upon daily beholding it, exclaimed, "It none shall go to heaven but so holy a man as this, what will become of me?" and became so deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of pressing forward unto perfection that he relinquished a profitable business, lest it should too much entangle him, and devoted his remaining years to the care of his soul.

Did McChesney, Fenelon and Leighton reach the highest heights of holiness? No. But they were far in advance of the ordinary Christian people about them. They had yet limitless reaches before them. They might say to each other, "Let us go on." "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for a prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And if that is the feeling of good men, what shall be the feelings of those lower down, and more, of those professing godliness who have no thought as to their duty, and no conception, even the most meagre, as to their privilege. Living for Jesus is one of the most positive experiences. It finds its spring in the heart, and its directive force in the will, and its guiding light in our Lord's example and Commandments, the example illustrating the Commandments and the Commandments explaining the example. It is an intensely reasonable life—not a "sanctified common sense," as some so unworthily name it—for there is much in it that the best common sense of men never could reach even in the loftiest flights of their imagination, but a life in harmony with the best in us, yet going out into reaches of divine revelation and grace which lie altogether in God. It is not the life of a hermit. Archbishop Leighton's brother-in-law had no need to retire from business that he might cultivate holiness. Holiness is a spirit, and it is to sanctify everything, and to adhere to everything the godly man touches. The business life of the world is to put the graces of the character to proof, and to show them forth in their beauty and attractive loveliness. There they are to shine. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called." "He that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord's freeman; likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ's servant. Ye are bought with a price; be not ye servants of men. Brethren, let every man wherein he is called, therein abide with God" (1 Cor. vii. 20, 22-24).

The great object of every Christian is, or must be, to live for Christ. Listen: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto Him who died and rose again" 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. This object must be kept clearly before the mind, and felt as a formative force. It will humble us, but it will exalt Him who alone should be exalted. It will make us ask in reference to our action, Will this honour Christ? Will this show forth His praise? Or, Is this according to His will? Is this what He commands me to do? Does He promise me His presence in this? So Christ shall become to us

A living bright reality;
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any earthly object seen,
More dear, more intimately nigh
Than e'en the closest earthly tie.

Our Young Folks.

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

And they spun the fine, white thread,
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and a silver head;
They sat at the spinning together.

At times the young voice broke into song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm;
Her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson
Interwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say;
With it thou shalt not part:

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And oh, that these must be!—
The voice of praise, the voice of love,
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
'There's one thing thou shalt fear—
Let ne'er a word to my love be said
Her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear,
If not indeed for me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
Thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

As thus they sat spinning together,
An angel bent to see
The mother and child whose happy life
Went on so lovingly.

A record was made by his golden pen;
This on the page he said:
The mother who counselled her child so well
Need never feel afraid:

For God would keep the heart of the child
With tender love and fear,
Who lisps at her mother's side at night,
All to her mother's ear.

WHAT THE ROSE TAUGHT LITTLE ALICE.

That is a lovely rose, deep in colour, rich in perfume. Little Alice saw it. Soul light came into her eyes, the colour heightened in her cheek; she pressed forward to make it her own, but paused as the rose said: "You see me, child; I do not make myself; I am a thing made. Light and heat, air and rain come together, I know not how and I was made, powers of heaven and earth joined together, and here I am. I am not like the roses in shop windows. We look much alike, but we are not. Smell—I have fragrance, they have none. Touch—I have life lingering in me, though I have been plucked, they have none. We are like our makers—they come from ever-dying workers, I from the ever-living! And mark, Alice, I am not a last year's rose, this season brought me forth, I am fresh from the Maker's lands, He lives and works to-day, and in such fair creations he delights. He means to win a child's love by charms like these.

"I am what I am by growth. Many improvements have brought me to what you see. My ancestors were wild, single-leaved, growing in hedges and on "banks and braes." But I have been cared for and loved, grafted and grafted again, and so have become the rose you see. Florists say I am not perfect yet, they have never seen a perfect rose, yet they fully expect such a rose will be seen some day. I am like you, child, and you are like me. You will grow, because great things lie in you. God will do great things for you, but the perfection and crown of your life the future alone can reveal.

"I am easily hurt, Alice. Things fair and fragrant are usually also frail. An untimely frost will do it, a breath of cold wind, too much rain or too little. London smoke will do it, and tiny insects which the eye, unaided, cannot see. And you may be hurt by little things, you are more likely to be hurt by these than by the big things you dread so much. You can help yourself, you can watch and pray, as for me I have only to bear what comes. Watch against little faults, and you will be in small danger from greater ones.

"Alice, you have a soul, a something in you which beasts of the field have not. I can give no pleasure to horse, or dog, or cat; if offered to an ox he might think me good, but good would mean good to eat. Lower down the scale I am nothing. I am a world to you. Your face lights up, your eye brightens, your heart beats high with delight, you find joy in form, colour, perfume, in my whole being. Your sense of beauty is appealed to, and responds to the appeal. The sense belongs to the soul, exists where soul exists, and nowhere else. You have a soul, child, and that soul has a Friend and Saviour, one of His names He takes from me, 'I am the Rose of Sharon.' Make Him yours, my beauty and fragrance are types of His.

"God made me and loves me, Alice; He means you to love me, yet nobody can keep me long. Every rose has its

season, and the season is brief. To fade, and droop, and die is set down in my lot. This also is good, and not evil. I have a mission, a little work to do, and I do it. In the garden, the sick-room, the ward of a hospital, I do my little part, and when I drop, careful people gather up my leaves and keep them, for there is fragrance in them still. Go and do likewise my child: 'the memory of the just is blessed.'"

Here the lesson ended. Alice loved the rose and made it her own. There was fragrance without and within—without, the fragrance of the lovely flower; within, the fragrance of holy thoughts and tender love.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG.

Words are very much like Spring blossoms. They stand for something that is to come after them, and if the fruit never appears the blossoms are of very little worth.

If good deeds never appear after good words have been uttered, our lives are like the apple tree which has beautiful blossoms in Spring, but never has any fruit in October. Now words are very nice things in themselves. "Kind words can never die," the little song says, yet words without thought or action are vain. Jesus Christ, our Master, did not save the world by the beautiful words which he uttered, but by the deeds which he accomplished.

There was once an old German father who tried to make something good and useful out of his boy. But the son was an artist, and liked to dream and paint, and skip his day's work on the farm whenever he could do so. At last, just before his son left him to go to Paris, where he was about to study art, the old father said to him "Tony, my son, remember this last advice of your old father. Our passions are our greatest enemies. What we want to do is to be able to command them. The discipline of the human will is the secret of durable conquests and long happiness. Tony, I have always loved the crowing of the cock. It announces the day, and and chases away the phantoms of the night. The sound resembles a war cry. It admonishes us to spend our lives in fighting against ourselves."

A year or two after this, when his father had died, Tony, now a rising artist in Paris, was tempted by his companions to join a band of gamblers, who were making money at the expense of foreigners in Paris. One night when he was lying awake thinking whether or not he should go with these companions, he heard a cock crow. Like the crowing of the cock which brought to Simon Peter's memory the words of Jesus, the sound of the crowing brought back to Tony the last words of his honest old father. That morning crow sounded to him like a voice from his father's grave, and it turned the scale of his will. He said no to his tempters, and gained the victory over the evil passions within him.

The older I grow, my dear children, the more truly I feel that it is always better, wiser, and happier for us to be honest and straightforward in everything we do, than to be tricky, underhanded, and deceitful. There is always a reward about honesty, there is always a curse about deceit.

It is a great comfort to us when we start out on a long voyage or a long journey, to feel that we will be safely brought through to our journey's end. It is a great comfort to feel that those who have the charge of the ship or train know what they are about, and are able to fulfil the contract and bring us safely through. And that is what St. Paul had in mind when he said of our Lord "He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day."

When we feel our own weakness, our feebleness, and sin; when it seems to us as if we never should be able to overcome the temptations which are about us, and get safely through at the last, there is no such comfort in all the world like that which comes to us when we feel that the Lord Jesus Christ has carried other people through, and will do the same for us if we only are true and faithful to Him.

PUT IT LOWER.

It is told by one who has spent much time in Sweden that in the course of a series of revival meetings, there came to the church a young man, in appearance unkempt, ragged in clothing, uncombed in hair, bare of foot. He placed himself in front of the pulpit. The preacher was most earnest in his sermon. The face of the young man was constantly turned up to the preacher.

At the close of the service the deacons passed the plates for the offerings. The young man seemed so poor that no one ventured to offer him the plate. As the deacon passed near to him, with impetuosity he ejaculated, "Put it lower, down."

The deacon hardly understood the remark at once.

The young man repeated, "Put the plate lower."

The deacon held the plate near his hand.

"Lower yet," he said.

"Still lower."

"Lower down yet," he cried.

The deacon at last put the plate upon the floor. Then the young man quietly, but earnestly, placed himself upon his bare feet in the plate. He had no money to give but he gave himself.

This story illustrates the great truth that the most important offering we can give to God should be service in the gift of ourselves. If giving Him money, we withhold ourselves, the gift of money is of small consequence. If giving money, we give ourselves, the value of the money is greatly increased. If, having no money, we give ourselves, we are fulfilling the command of Jesus Christ.