

their own impotence and the omnipotence of our King. His dominion shall extend, until every knee shall bow to Him, until every heart shall worship, until every tongue shall be vocal with His praise, until one song shall employ all nations, and all cry, "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us."

In conclusion, let me remind all present that we must have Christ for our sovereign, or we cannot have Him for our Saviour. Christ only redeems us, when He reigns over us. If we would embrace Him as our Sovereign, we must acknowledge Him as our King. We can have nothing to do with Him who is the King of kings and Lord of lords, we cannot enjoy His protection, we cannot look to Him for deliverance, unless we render ourselves to Him, as His willing subjects, give up to Him our heart's best affections, the control of our lives, and the submissions of our wills.

## ARROWS.

THE editor of the *Christian Age* has just issued a compilation entitled, "Arrows and Anecdotes, by D. L. Moody" (1s. and 2s. 6d.), and many will be glad to have this compact and well got-up little volume. We certainly think it a waste of time and paper to devote thirty-seven pages to a biographical notice of the Evangelist, whose "life" may be had from a penny to half-a-guinea; but there may be others who think otherwise. At any rate the book, though late, is worth preserving, and heartily welcome, and we give a few extracts which may perhaps be fresh to our readers.

### THE MOST REGULAR CHURCH-GOER.

Many think they have been born again because they go to church. A great many say: "Oh! yes, I am a Christian; I go to church every Sabbath." Let me say here that there is no one in all London that goes to church so regularly as Satan. He is always there before the minister, and he is the last one out. There is not a church or chapel in London, but that he is a regular attendant of it. The idea that he is only down in the slums, and lanes, and alleys of London is a false one. The idea that he is only in public-houses—I will confess I think he is there, and that he is doing his work very well—but to think that he is only there, is a false idea. He is wherever the Word is preached; it is his business to be there and catch away the seed. He is here to-night. Some of you may go to sleep, but he won't. Some of you may not listen to the sermon, but he will. He will be watching, and when the seed is just entering into some heart, he will go and catch away. Now, I tell you, my dear friends, before you get the devil will meet you and say: "Don't believe it, you can't be saved that easy," and you will have a terrible struggle with him. But I'll tell you what to do when he meets you. Just quote Scripture to him, and he will flee away at once. That's what the Saviour did. He said to him: "It is written—it is written,"—and away went the devil in an instant; he couldn't stand Scripture. And that's the only way to conquer him. Say to him: "It is written, and I believe the Word of God before I believe you, devil,"—and depend on it he will leave you.

### THE REPENTANT SON.

I remember to have heard a story, somewhere, of a bad boy who had run away from home. He had given his father no end of trouble. He had refused all the invitations which his father had sent him to come home and be forgiven, and help to comfort his old heart. He had even gone so far as to scoff at his father and mother. But one day a letter came, telling him his father was dead, and they wanted him to come home and attend the funeral. At first he determined he would not, but then he thought it would be a shame not to pay some respect to the memory of so good a man after he was dead; and so, just as a matter of form, he took the train and went to the old home, sat through all the funeral services, his father buried, and came back with the rest of the sons to the house, with his heart as cold and stony as ever. When the old man's will was brought out to be read, the grateful son found that his father had remembered him along with all the rest of the family in the will, and had left him an inheritance with the others, who had not gone astray. He broke his heart. It was too much for him, that his old father, during all those years in which he had been so wicked and rebellious, had never ceased to love him. That is just the way our Father in heaven does with us. That is just the way

Jesus does with people who refuse to give their hearts to Him. He loves them in spite of their sins, and it is the love which, more than anything else, brings hard-hearted sinners to their knees.

### CUT THE CORD.

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the grey dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

### HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him, he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the thought struck him: "Surely that man is blind!" He turned round and said: "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

## EVERYDAY RELIGION.

BY SALLIE A. HUMES.

EVERYDAY religion takes its lights and shades from the duties in which we engage. It we work because we must, but do not enjoy the labour, there will be little sunshine in the day, the spiritual sky will be cloudy, and there may be flashes of lightning and mutterings of thunder. A true Christian sometimes feels the ever-recurring duties monotonous, and wonders if he, one of God's chosen, is really called to such hard work. If the duty lies across his path it is his, and it need not be despised because there is nothing inspiring in it. Let it be done well, and as often as it presents itself, until the Master finds some other work for him, and another takes his place.

A religion that is worn every day must not be too good to wash dishes, sweep, iron, make soap, cook or sew; it must not wear broadcloth to plough, or kids to make hay, but with sunny temper and willing hands it must do the work, and, however monotonous, if cheerfulness be carried into it, the Christian graces will develop in its repeated performance. All honest labour is right, and will not hurt the purest religion we can wear while at the humblest work. We have no right, therefore, to put on a murky dress, or cloquy face to work in, because we don't like the job, nor any excuse for getting angry on wash-day, or laying aside religious obligations during a busy season. Machinery not in use soon becomes rusty, and a religious life that lies dormant when other duties are pressing, will not find many opportunities to shine.

## IMPATIENT OF SUCCESS.

OUR Sunday-schools in some places have, I fear, caught a little of the spirit of the times, the frenzy of excitement, the impatience of delay, the mad haste to succeed. We are tempted to think that because the world has witnessed such vast changes since Sunday-schools were established, and our civilisation is so different a thing now from what it once was, therefore our work is different; forgetting that there are precisely the same conditions of success to fulfil, the same advantages, and the same difficulty—or rather difficulties arising from the same causes. The fact is, God's work is not to be done in a hurry now, any more than at any former time. Improvement in the contrivances of civilisation has not taught us how to compass our scholars' conversion in whole schools or even in entire classes—it has left us just where it found us in this respect, namely, that we have to bring them one by one to Christ in the good old way.—*Mr. S. Edwards, Birmingham.*