

we did not receive? What have we that is not a sacred trust? What have we that may not be taken from us in a day? What have we for which we shall not give an account?

In him we live. His arm sustains, his bounty feeds, his care provides for kings and beggars alike. He blesses and we prosper,—he blights and blasts and all our gains are gone, and we ourselves vanish before his wrath. For as pride is destruction, independence is ruin, willfulness is perdition. Our safety is only in the Lord; in his providence, his guidance, his grace and his love.

Let us then, as we live in him, live for him. Let our business be carried on in his fear and to his glory. Let our lives be passed under the approval of his glance, under the refreshment of his smile. Let our faith, and hope, and life and work, centre in Him who has bought us with so great a price; and let all our possessions be held as by his authority, and consecrated to his work.

God will have all. That which we withhold we lose. Earth and all its possessions are the Lord's by right, and his in fact. That nation and that kingdom that will not serve him shall be utterly wasted; and the cankering gold and rusting silver of the covetous shall be a witness against them, and the rust thereof shall eat their flesh like fire. And those who refuse to yield to God and trust in him shall at last be made to feel the power of him who punishes those who spurn his rule, and who has said: "I will consecrate their gain unto Jehovah and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth." Micah. iv. 13.—*Selected.*

TRIALS AND JOYS.

The following testimony is from the pen of Dr. Jessup, of the A.B.C.F.M.,

labouring for many years with great success in Syria:—

"Did I speak of *trials*? The Missionary work has its trials, but I believe that its joys are far greater. The saddest scenes I have witnessed during a residence of seventeen years in Syria have been when Missionaries have been obliged to *leave the work* and return to their native land. There are trials growing out of the hardness of the human heart, our own want of faith, the seeming slow progress of the Gospel, and the heart-crushing disappointments arising from broken hopes, when individuals and communities who have promised well, turn back to their old errors, 'like the dog to his vomit,' again. But of joys it is much easier to speak,—the joy of preaching Christ to the perishing, of labouring where others will not labour, of laying foundations for the future, of feeling that you are doing what you can to fulfil the Saviour's last command; of seeing the Word of God translated into a new language, a Christian literature beginning to grow, children and youth gathered into schools and seminaries of learning, and even sects which hate the Bible obliged to teach their children to read it; of seeing Christian families growing up, loving the Sabbath and the Bible, the sanctuary and the family altar. Then there is the joy of seeing souls born into the kingdom of our dear Redeemer, and Churches planted in a land where pure Christianity had ceased to exist, and of witnessing unflinching steadfastness in the midst of persecution and danger, and the triumphs of faith in the solemn hour of death. These are a few of the joys which are strewn so thickly along the path of the Christian Missionary, that he has hardly time to think of sorrow, trial, and discouragement."