

sacrifice itself and not in any explanation of it, in which its power lies. The first disciples followed Jesus, as "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," and the song of the whole company of the saved will be, "Thou was slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood. . . . Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. . . . Blessing and honor, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

"Isn't That Enough?"

"**Y**ou say you are saved, my child," said a lady (wishing to prove if such was the case); "but tell me, how do you know it?"

The boy looked puzzled for a moment, then suddenly brightening up, exclaimed, "God says so, isn't that enough?"

Sweet childhood faith! such as the Lord delights to honor, would that we all had the same implicit trust in the Living God whose word is truth.

Think for an instant of Jehovah's faithfulness, always and at all times, to Israel of old; we read as a testimony in 1 Kings viii. 56: "there hath not failed one word of all His good promise, which He promised by the hand of Moses His servant."

God's words are not like man's promises; how often do we rely on them, alas! only to be disappointed in the end. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever;" isn't that enough to silence the fears of each doubting heart? Ah, yes! and "simply trusting we are blest."

Practical Christianity.

THE world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise, and preaching nice;
But generous soul, who aid mankind,
Are like to diamonds, hard to find.

Give like a Christian, speak in deeds;
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown,
Who gives a lift when men are down.

THEY have a custom, in the villages on the Rhine, of anchoring a gristmill in the middle of the river, where the current is strongest, and making the rapids grind the food of the whole community. So let any man plant himself in the midstream of God's plans and take earnest grip at the thing that first comes to hand, working with a will at it, and the current of eternal decree will impart its own momentum to his work, so that it will grow into grand achievement.—*Dr. Austin Phelps.*

Cambered about Much Serving.

CHRISt never asks of us such heavy labour
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oft-times counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention—
That He some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest stillness
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see:
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet he does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatsoever He bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, or lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

—Selected.

GEMS RE-SET.

"A good Christian is not a grave to bury God's mercies, but a temple to sing His praises."

Of all the means placed by Providence within our reach, whereby we may lead souls to Him, there is one more blessed than all others—intercessory prayer.

Of the three experiences of the Bride in S. S. ii. 16; vi. 3, and vii. 10, it is not until the last that she is ready to say to Him, "Come my Beloved, let us go." *Real* service is the fruit of much communion, and then *with* Him, not *without* Him.

SOMETIMES "the heaviest wheat of all" may spring up from seeds dropped in an incidental way. What a motive to the maintenance of a personal holiness! The incidental is the shadow of the intentional. Influence is the exhalation of character.—*W. M. Taylor.*

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