

me to get up, step by step, step by step, until at last I reached the top and breathed the pure air, and had a grand lookout from that lofty height. And so in life's journey we are climbing. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help; and if we have risen a step higher than some other, let us reach down for our brother's hand and help him to stand beside us. And thus joined hand in hand, we shall go on conquering, step by step, until the glorious eminence shall be gained. Ah! how many need help in this world—poor afflicted ones; poor sorrowing ones; poor tempted ones, who have been overcome, who have been struggling, not quite able to get up the steep; trying, falling; trying, falling; trying, d-sponding; trying, almost despairing! O, give such a one help, a little kindly aid, and the step may be taken; and instead of dying in wretchedness at the base, he may by a brother's hand be raised to safety, and finally to glory! Your mission is to be Christ to such, to take such by the hand; "for to you to live is Christ."—*Bishop Simpson.*

AVOID TRIFLES.

"The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midget's wing," is the Scot's homely way of enforcing the importance of watchfulness in little things. Jeroboam's downfall, with its black and widening train of sin and disaster, began "in his heart," with the doubt of God's ability to do as he had promised. The slightest doubtful thing allowed in our lives, our dress, habits, or business, may be the germ of evil sufficient to spread poison and failure far and wide. Carelessness of the pence of the minutes at last robs us of our possessions and our opportunities. In the relation of things, one to the other, we may well consider nothing as small or trifling, but rather put the best thought and conscience into every particular that comes to our hands.

THE WORD THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

One day a Brahmin came to a missionary with the question, "Sir, pray tell what there is in your Scriptures which has such a marvellous power over their believers' thoughts and conduct? It is not so with our Vedas. We may learn them by heart and admire them greatly, but they do not affect our lives at all. The man that lied, or that stole, or that cheated, or that was guilty of lust before

he studied the Vedas is exactly the same after he has committed our Vedic hymns to memory; whereas I notice that the disciples of your Vedas [meaning our Bible] change their conduct, strangely enough becoming truthful, and chaste, and lovely—please, sir, explain what magic there is in your book to bring about such wonderful results?"

AN IMPORTANT INCIDENT.

In an obscure corner of a humble chapel there sat, one Sunday morning, a young man burdened with a sense of sin. His heart was longing for rest and peace. The preacher rose in the pulpit. He was a feeble old man, a Methodist, I believe. He was not learned, not eloquent, not famous.

With a trembling voice he announced his text: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else." He exalted Christ as the sinner's only refuge. As Moses lifted up the serpent so he displayed Christ. The congregation was small. The eyes of the preacher seemed to rest on the young man. Raising his voice he shouted: "Young man, look, look now!"

It was the birth-moment of the new life. The young man looked and lived. With the look of faith came life. The burden fell from his heart. Joy filled his soul. He left the house justified. The humble preacher knew not, but God did, what glorious work was done that morning. That young man is known throughout the entire world as one of the greatest preachers since Paul's translation. His name—need I say it?—is Charles H. Spurgeon—*Dr. MacArthur.*

DEAD, YET LIVING.

The cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not curdle the wood which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards—all but immortal itself. It transfuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it.

Every Christian is useful in his life; but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterwards.

Luther is dead, but the Reformation