

venge, mercy for sinners, offered long, tender mercies for believers, and strength to endure to the end.

"Lord make me to know mine end and the measure of my days that I may know how frail I am." Psalm xxxix. 4. H.T.M.

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STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

God has not put the meanest Christian into His world and into His Church only to be held up, only to be rescued from falling, only to escape the wrath to come; but He has put every one of us here to serve and glorify Him, to contribute an active share to the great testimony which shall rise, and is ever rising, to Him, to His faithfulness, His purity, His righteousness, His glory, as from all His works, so in the highest and noblest degree from His Church the highest and noblest of His works. "My grace is sufficient to enable thee for the work which I have set thee to do, sufficient to enable thee, in spite of the trial—yes, and by means of the trial—to bring forth fruit to my glory." "My strength is made perfect in weakness." It is His purpose with all His people that they should work for Him in life and life's duties, not in their own strength, but in His; that their bearing up in their lifelong conflict and then issuing forth into glorious victory should be seen and felt at every step to be not of themselves, but of Him. And for this purpose it is that He sends to them hindrances, trials, infirmities, thorns in their way, that their own pride and strength and stoutness of heart, and firmness of resolve may be broken down, that they may not walk in a light of their own kindling and congratulate themselves on the brightness of their path, but may toil through darkness and disappointment, through briers and through tears, to the sunshine of the everlasting hills, where the Sun of Righteousness may light them to the work of life.—*Parish Visitor.*

MOTHER, BEHOLD THY SON.

PART I.

Source of my life maternal, that sweet bond
Which links me strangely with the race of man
In brotherhood, both human and divine.
Mother, behold thy son, whose welcome head
Reclined upon my breast in converse sweet,

Whose earnest heart of love I called my own,
Mother, behold thy son; his faithful hand
Shall stay thy trembling feet with constant care;
Oft shall he soothe thy throbbing, aching head,
And oft his prayers mingling with thine shall rise,
Till through the night of tears shall break the dawn
And darkness vanish in eternal day.

PART II.

Oh, tender trust, come to my home and rest
Till the last hour of time's fast ebbing tide,
When thoughts too big for utterance claim thy heart,
And memory, full freighted, press its store.
We will commune within our safe retreat
Of depth, and height, and range of mighty love,
And the lone place chosen for thee for pain
Unutterable, and for lasting gain a glory
Higher than the rest of all created.

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A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

It would oftentimes help us bear our trials were we to reflect that all we are God's servants rather than His guests. This does not degrade us, for the work of all the world is carried forward by underlings. No monarch saves a state, no commander wins a battle, no captain sails a ship, no trader amasses a fortune, but by the fidelity of his servants. To be God's servants, if faithful, is to be the world's co-redeemers.

But no house is builded with special reference to the servant's chamber. No table is spread with particular attention to him, ignoring the proprietor. His is not the reception room, the boudoir, the conservatory or the art gallery. It is built for purposes foreign to himself, to his needs, his wishes, his understanding even. If, therefore, the affairs of this world seem to us at times more

than out of joint, it may be worth while to consider that the world was not built for our pleasing, but for divine purposes. Its owner and Creator has intents and aims into which we cannot be expected to enter understandingly. Not ignoring us He nevertheless built it as we build our homes, for Himself rather than for those whom He employs.

And the qualities of a faithful servant are such that he may make everything succeed which otherwise would fail. It is in the power of a scullion to ruin the comforts of a palace. The maid who knows more than her mistress, in her own estimation; the stable boy who prefers his own judgment to that of his master, each brings many a wise project to grief. It is hard sometimes for the servant to realize that his best grace is fidelity, his most valuable wisdom, submission.

But Gospel truths are as sweet as they are strong. The parables which begin with duties end with promises. It is the faithful servant who eventually enters into the joys of his Lord. The parable which begins with girding, ends with crowns. He who is faithful in service is at last seated upon a throne. He who was a subaltern in the household becomes the ruler in the city. There is a chariot at last for God's every Cinderella; and He, who knows how and when to abase the haughty, is certain in His own good time to exalt them of low degree. That man is most sure to become a ruler over many things who has proved his fidelity over few.—*Interior.*

HOW TO READ YOUR BIBLE.

Do not read the Bible for others, for class or congregation, but for yourself. Bring all its rays to a focus on your own heart. While you are reading, often ask that some verse or verses may start out from the printed page as God's message to yourself. Never close the Book until you feel that you are carrying away your portion of meat from that hand which satisfieth the desire of every living thing. It is well