

this evening," and stick to that engagement as scrupulously as a bank-teller does to his engagement to be at his post every day when the bank opens.

The reason why so many Endeavorers desert their meetings for pleasure parties, for bicycling, or places of amusement, is that their consciences fail to see that they are really robbing their Saviour. The pledge of attendance was not given merely to a society; it was given to Jesus Christ! The Master will miss you, even if nobody else does. Small excuses do not avail with him; and when you play loose with conscience, you rob your own soul and your master also.

SOME THINGS CHRIST HAS A RIGHT TO.

If Christ has a right to the best you have and the best you can do, then you should make the best preparation possible for every meeting you attend. Certainly if you were to take part in a prize debate, or were appointed to read a paper before a literary club, you would give time and thought to it; is it not as much your duty to give thought and preparation to your interviews with your Lord? You dress carefully when you are invited to a social company; will you let your soul stroll in careless rags to a meeting with the King? When you complain that a meeting is "dull," it is because you carry into it a dull heart or a listless mind; the best cure for a cold meeting is to carry a live coal there in your own soul.

It is charged that some Endeavor societies rob the spiritual life of the church more than they recruit it. That can be the case only when they are robbing their Master by refusing him the best they can give him. Consecration is a deep, far-reaching, perennial process. It is not a pious spasm, or the formal signing of a pledge too soon forgotten. It is enthroning the Lord Jesus Christ in the heart with full sway over your time, your purse, your brains, your affections, and your influence.

Never commute with your Master for a "half-fare," or a cheap ride to heaven. If you go empty-handed into heaven you will be ashamed to face your Saviour there. I entreat you not to turn him off with the "candle-ends" and "cheese-parings;" your very best is quite too little for Him who endured the agonies of Calvary that he might redeem you from sin and hell, and write your name in his "book of life" forever and evermore.

Unbelief does nothing but darken and destroy. It makes the world a moral desert, where no divine footsteps are heard, where no angels ascend and descend, where no living hand adorns the fields, feeds the birds of heaven, or regulates events.

A CONVENIENT SEASON.

"Have you never seen a man waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great fascination about it, that though you may have great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought, 'Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian.'

I say to a boy: "Seek Christ." He says "No; wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young man: "Seek Christ." He says: "Wait until I come to mid-life." I meet the same person in mid life, and I say: "Seek Christ." He says: "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age, and say to him: "Seek Christ." He says: "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come. I bend over the couch and listen for his last words, I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble; but, rallying himself, he whispers, until I can hear him say: "I—am—waiting—for—a—more—convenient—season,"—and he is gone.—DR. TALMAGE.

NEVER TOO DARK TO SEE HIM.

With fear and trembling and great humility a young minister accepted a charge in which there were reputed to be many intelligent and highly educated people.

He was greatly perplexed as to what the subject of his first sermon ought to be; until upon visiting the church, in order to see the interior, he found engraved in large letters on the pulpit the words, "We would see Jesus." Such a flood of light and warmth filled his soul as he realized that he was there to show forth "Jesus Christ and him crucified," that when the hour for the services came on the following day, he spoke as one inspired, and the whole congregation felt that they had had such a glimpse of the beauty of that Life as never before was vouchsafed them.

Ah! what different lives would ours be, if in the worry and turmoil and weariness and anguish we would just stop long enough to "see Jesus."

A little girl, as she lay dying, looked up into the face of her mother, who was standing at her bedside, and said, "Mother, I cannot see you very well; it is growing dark." Then she closed her weary eyes, and there was silence for a brief space. Presently she opened them again. There was a glad light in their heavenly blue, while a celestial smile illuminated her pallid countenance as she added, "But I can see Jesus!"

And so with us as we toil along, though the way be dark and lonely, and our eyes heavy with weeping, yet we may still "see Jesus," who is our sun and shield, and a very present help in every time of trouble and distress.—*Union Gospel News.*