

woman, but the king's daughter. He was taken not to a humble cottage, but to the royal palace. He was the fondling of the daughter of Pharaoh; and since he was "a proper child" he became also her fondling.

As he increased in years and stature, he increased in favor with God and men. He was well educated; all the lore of the Egyptians was at his disposal. He was doubtless a studious lad. Perhaps he had an inkling of what he was yet to be; hence it was his dear delight to fill his heart with knowledge, that he might be strong as a leader when the opportunity arrived.

At length, as was to be expected, when he was full grown, the daughter of Pharaoh desired to express in tangible form her interest in and for him. He was already known as her son, but it was to be officially announced that this Hebrew child should be called her own. That meant that he would be an Egyptian prince.

What a temptation! what an opportunity!

I do Moses only justice when I say that I do not think the rank and emoluments would entice him, but who can tell but that even his heart sometimes thought, "If I am a prince among the Egyptians, I shall be able to accomplish God's will concerning the oppressed people of Israel?"

If ever such a question came into his mind, it was not tolerated for a moment. He recognized it to be of the devil, and banished it forthwith. He decided unhesitatingly; and with all due courtesy and gratitude he definitely declined to be known as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. "No," he said, "I cannot sell my birthright; I cannot forsake God's people. I see plainly that by this decision I shall renounce name and fame, but since the possession of those means disloyalty to Jehovah, and separation from Jehovah's despised inheritance, I will have none of it. Take away this hauberk. The glittering gems of Egypt do not entice my heart; I have a better prize in store. I will share the afflictions of God's people rather than rule over the pagan Egyptians."

My dear readers, what is your choice? I do not know the details of your case, but I am pretty safe in presuming that if you do throw in your lot with the people of God, and yield yourself to Christ, you will have to forfeit the esteem and good will of some of your fellows.

It may be that such an act on your part will cause a severance betwixt you and the dearest friend you have. It may be that you will be the offscouring of all things; I cannot tell. This I am sure of; you will not rise in the world's esteem by becoming a true humble follower of the meek and lowly Son of God.

I do not believe that godliness is profitable for this life, and yet I know that some men have to make great sacrifices in order to retain their integrity. You will have to give up pleasure seeking on the Sabbath day, you will have to forsake evil associations. You will have to bear the curling lip, and the pointing finger, and the sneering word. Well, what shall your choice be? Are you prepared to forfeit name and place and position and honor, that you may find Christ, and be found in him?

Moses actually elected to suffer affliction with the people of God. He did not refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter without knowing that his refusal involved actual interest in the down-trodden people of God. I do not know but that his sensitive disposition and regal mind suffered more than did the serfs who bore the heavy burdens, or made bricks without the straw.

Knowing all this, and having a keen realization of the mission that lay before him, he said deliberately: "I am with God's people; I will espouse their cause. Let Pharaoh and his daughter and the princes of the land have all the honor! As for me, I will serve the Lord, come what may of it."

What about you, dear friend? Are you prepared to take your place with poor and humble believers, or does there rise up in your heart that spirit, all too prevalent nowadays, which say, "Christians! They are mostly of the common people and the lower orders?" Though that be true as regards our social status, we are of the blood royal, the kings and priests. The blue blood of heaven is in our veins; but here we are despised, here we are for the most part common, poor, unknown. Will you come and join us?

Remember, too, that Moses definitely declined the pleasures of sin, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It was not merely that the Egyptian court offered him position and power; it offered him enjoyment, sinful enjoyment. Enjoyment is lawful. God would have his people happy, and there can be enjoyment apart from sin. But Moses dared to refuse the pleasures of sin, even for a season.

If you are wise, you will say with Moses, "No; these pleasures of sin are not profitable; I would rather have the pleasures that are in God's right hand."

Looking at our hero once again, we remark that he preferred the reproach of Christ to the treasures of Egypt.

I marvel that this expression is used, "the reproach of Christ." Had Moses a dim vision even then of Christ? Did he, like Abraham, see Christ's day, and rejoice thereat? Perhaps he did; at all events it was such reproach as Christ himself was by and by to suffer, and such re-

proach as he does still suffer in the person of all his faithful people who take up their crosses and follow him.

Agata I put the question, Young men and women, what is your choice? You may be rich, richer than Broesus, if you bear the reproach of Christ. These are the diamonds that never lose their lustre; these are the rubies that always glisten; this is the gold that time cannot dim; these are the treasures that are everlasting. Choose them, I pray you.

I follow Moses a little further, and I find that by faith he forsook Egypt.

That is the point I want to force upon you. It is not enough for you to remain persuaded that it is well for you to choose Christ. It does not suffice that you are willing to bear his reproach. You must definitely and forever cut yourselves adrift from sin and Satan. You must forsake Egypt.

It will want a deal of moral courage and faith in God to do it. By this same conquering faith Moses defied the wrath of the king. Just as Moses, in simple faith, obeyed the Lord's command, so I charge you, by an act of simple faith make the great decision. Christ hath appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. O that you would believe this! Make this wisest choice, I entreat you. The Lord help you to it. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Christian Endeavor World.

St. John's Doctrine of Christian Love.

BY EDWARD JUDSON, D. D.

Love is such regard for others as involves self-surrender. It is not the passion to possess but the desire to serve. Christian love is our regard for our fellowmen, which proceeds from God and is identical in nature with his regard for us. It is loving others with the love with which he loves us. To become a Christian is to accept and to feel God's love for us. To be a Christian is to dwell in that love; as when a convalescent walks on the sunny side of the street, not in the chill shadow of the houses. Faith is not clinging to Christ, as a half-drowned woman grasps a rock in the ocean; it is lying down in everlasting arms underneath us. To become a Christian is to consent to God's love to us; to be a Christian is to let that love flow through us into the lives of others. It is as when the water leaps downward over some mighty precipice, and, after being shattered into foam on the rocks below, it steals upward and sideways again into a soft perpetual mist, which clothes with verdure every bank that it touches. We love because he first loved us.

Such is the nature of Christian love. Let us glance at its action. It resides in the human spirit as a tireless motive force. First, it returns to God, a resurgent tide. Without it we could not make ourselves love him. But the thought of his love to us makes us stretch our arms toward him. This is the hidden motive of all prayer and praise. Without it worship is meaningless and dull. But it is a small part of religion for us to come together and tell the Eternal how much we think of him. He seems far away—beyond the reach of our ministrations. So our love to him goes out sideways towards our fellow Christians. We feel that what we do to the least of them we do to him. The Scriptures have a charming name for this form of Christian love, brotherly kindness.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. Though they may sometimes seem angular and repulsive, yet, under the urgency of divine love, our heart goes out toward them; as a fountain irrigates an arid waste by keeping in unbroken relation with some cool lake that lies high up among the hills. The first convert among the Burman women said to my father many years ago: "I am surprised to find that this religion has such an effect upon my mind as to make me love the disciples of Christ more than my own dearest natural relations." Moreover, Christian love does not recoil even from enemies. It blossoms in the wintry air of suspicion and dislike. It purposes with kindness towards those who suffer. It does not hide away from others' grief, nor pass pain by on tiptoe. It observes the cheek wan with distress. It does not relapse into despair when confronted by the vastness of human misery. The task of comfort seems indeed endless. We become inextricably involved, like the Good Samaritan in our Lord's story, which may well be called the "Parable of the Holy And." If you give a man a good meal, it is just like him to go and get hungry again. Appreciation and gratitude are scarce. The little we can do, in any given case, is so trivial compared with what needs to be done. All philanthropic work is a succession of disillusion. To begin is poetry, to continue is prose. We never persist, except as we become channels for the love of the Eternal to find its way into the sad hearts of men.

Such is the action of this celestial dynamic. It impels us to self-forgetful regard for God, for our fellow-Christians, for our enemies and for all who suffer. But, it is towards the lost that love of this kind burns with peculiar intensity—the bewildered sheep, the missing coin that had rolled away into some dark dusty corner, the wilful son sighing for home in a far country; as Christ was especially attracted to the ostracized—the Samaritan,

the tax-payer, the sinner. This is the essence of the missionary spirit, which is all one thing whether it finds a sphere in the slums of some great town, in the mines and cattle-ranges of the West, or amid the habitations of cruelty at the ends of the earth. But St. John thinks of Christian love not only in its nature and in its action, but also in its development. It is subject to evolution. It is not cast; it grows. It begins small, but aspires to perfection. His love is perfect in us, writes St. John. Herein is love made perfect in us. Perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. And this development of Christian love is in the direction of confidence. Love unfolds into courage. He who lives a life of love will stand fearless even before the white throne of judgment. Because as he is, even so are we in this world. The judge cannot condemn the prisoner for what he himself does or for being what he himself is. If we try to live such a life of love as Christ lived we will not fear to face him when he occupies the throne of judgment. This accounts for the serenity of the Christian's death. This smooths his dying pillow. This is what makes the river so calm through which he wades. This is why, in his last hours, he seems so little in need of comfort from human lips, but rather stays up with his strong faith the broken-hearted whom he leaves behind.—The Standard.

The Touch of Death.

John Burnett was a man of about thirty-five years of age, large and of fine appearance. He was well liked among his fellowmen, was kind and affectionate with his wife and family. He might have been a man of great influence in his community if he had not yielded to his one besetting sin—his love for drink.

Up to the time when he became twenty-one years of age he had not so much as raised the glass to his lips, but, as was the custom in years past, on that day he celebrated the occasion by a "treat" to himself and all his best friends.

It was not long before he married a well-to-do farmer's daughter, and for some years they lived very well on her inheritance beside what he made by work. But, as is always the case where intemperance gains a hold, the wife's inheritance was spent and the marks of poverty began to show themselves. John was proud of his two children, and regretted that his wife was forced to work so hard, but the habit of drink dulled his senses, and his ambition to become to his children an example of an honorable and upright life became a dream of the past.

When the third child was a sweet, laughing, crowing baby, John seemed to spend less of his time at home than ever. His wife was seen often at the door looking for some one, but when he did not come she would close the door and go back to her work with a heavy heart, but said not a word, for she had known John in better days, and knew what a kind heart he had.

One evening the mother and children were alone, as usual, and there was an anxious look on the mother's face, for the baby had not been well all day. The evening passed away, and no father came. All night long the mother watched alone. In the morning the neighbors went in and nursed the little child, and some one found the father, aroused him in his drunken sleep, and begged him to go home. But he scarcely heard the words, and so the mother bore her grief alone. She saw a smile flit across the little face in her arms, and the baby eyes closed to sleep the last long sleep.

Then they told the father that his child was dead, and led him home—a sobered man. Alone he went into the room where the child lay on its little white bed. He touched the white cheek on the pillow—it was cold, very cold; not cold like ice, but a soft chilliness that went all through him, and he knew there was no life there. He touched the little hand—it was cold, too; he thought he had never felt anything like it before. And then he remembered that when he was a little boy he had touched the hand of his dead grandmother; yes, it was the same coldness, and he had felt then as distinctly as now that that warm, breathing thing which we call life had gone forever.

He remembered, too, that before her death his dear old grandmother used to hold him on her lap and talk to him about the time when he should become a "big man." And now he was a man, but not such a one as his grandmother had wished him to be. Then he thought of his whole life, and how strange that he had not remembered all his ambitions to be a noble man. How proud he had been in his young manhood, and then he had touched the first drop and had thought himself strong enough to take only an occasional glass. But the occasional glass came every week, and then every day. He remembered his pile in his oldest son, and the baby, ah! it was a beautiful child—and strange that he had never noticed that before; but it certainly was beautiful, and a tear glistened in the father's eye, for then he realized how entirely unworthy he was to lead this little child through life. How pure it was, lying there in the marble repose of death, and how could he have touched it, defiled as he was, and coming from the very haunts of debauchery? So this was death! and in its embrace the innocent was safe from danger. He was thankful this little child should never become like its father; but he had two children left, and he determined that he would lead them in the right path. With God's help, he would never drink again.

John Burnett went out from that room a changed man, who made home a happy place for his wife, and was indeed a father to his children.—Herald and Presbyter.