

How Men Are Saved.

BY REV. G. H. C. MACGREGOR.

Salvation is still an individual thing. Men are not saved in masses. One by one men enter this world; one by one they enter the kingdom of God. There is such a thing as social salvation, but it is based on individual salvation. The salvation of the community is reached through the salvation of the individuals composing it.

And salvation is still the result of personal contact with the Lord Jesus. Virtue still streams forth from Him. And He still calls men to Him. The woes of the world would be healed if men would only hear and obey. He would lay His hand on them, and heal them all. Shall we not pray Him to do this for us now?

Serenity.

Strive to see God in all things without exceptions, and acquiesce in his will with absolute submission. Do everything for God, uniting yourself to him by a mere upward glance, or by the overflowing of your heart toward him. Never be in a hurry; do everything quietly and in a calm spirit. Do not lose your inward peace for anything whatsoever, even if your whole world seems upset. Commend all to God, and then lie still and be at rest in his bosom. Whatever happens, abide steadfastly in a determination to cling simply to God, trusting to his eternal love for you; and if you find that you have wandered forth from this shelter, recall your heart quietly and simply. Maintain a holy simplicity of mind, and do not smother yourself with a host of cares, wishes or longings under any pretext.—St. Francis De Sales.

One Heaven For All.

I have seen a field here, and a field there, stand thick with corn—a hedge or two has separated them. At the proper season the reapers entered; soon the earth was disburdened, and the grain was conveyed to its destined resting place, where blended together in the barn or in the stack, it could not be known that a hedge had ever separated this corn from that. Thus it is with the church. Here it grows, as it were, in different fields, and even, it may be, by different hedges. By and by, when the harvest is come, all God's wheat shall be gathered into the garner, without one single mark to distinguish that once they differed in outward circumstantialities of form and order.—Toplady.

In my younger days, when a student, I frequently asked my mother to awake me at a certain hour, and she invariably did so. I could depend on her, and in the time of examination stress I could lay me down and sleep, assured of being awakened. So I can lay me down and sleep, being certain that in the morning I shall awake in his likeness, for Christ is our redemption. We have the sure promise of His Word that those who suffer with him shall also reign with him.—John Robertson.

What are we to be paid for our service of the Master? Christ does not promise us money, or position, or even happiness, though all of these are most likely to come along the line of Christian living. The only wages Christ promises us is His "Well done" at the end. And what better wages could we want?

Our Young People

The Joy Of Service.—Topic for Mar. 2

Ps. 126 : 5, 6 ; Matt. 25 : 19-23.

Our Leader Speaks.

Two workmen went one day to saw wood. One sawyer had a dull saw. It had not been sharpened for months, its teeth were all in the plane, and its steel was covered with rust. It squeaked and rasped, and every log caught it and bound it. Before many minutes the workman's back was aching, his temper was rising, and he was on the point of giving up.

"Try my saw a bit," said a second sawyer. He did so, and was amazed at the result. The bright blade almost moved of itself. The sharp teeth, spread out at precisely the right angle, fairly tore their way through the wood. There was no binding. The rapidly deepening cut seemed almost greased. Our wood-sawyer felt as if he could saw wood all day with such a tool, and never grow weary.

"I did not think it made such a difference," he said. "I think I will go and put my saw in order."

Now, Endeavorers, what sharpness and brightness is to a tool, joy is to our work. A light heart goes twice the distance. A merry song lightens the load. Peace in the soul means dollars in the purse. A smile is the best ally of the biceps muscle. If we are happy in our service of God, we are quite sure to be successful in it. Long-faced religion is a long while in accomplishing anything. If you do not enjoy your work, neither you nor any one else will enjoy the results of it.

And this truth is just as good turned the other way around. If joy doubles service, service doubles joy. They make machines that are self-oiling. As the machine moves, the sliding, whirling, turning parts draw to themselves just the proper amount of oil from the oil cups; and therefore, as long as the cups are kept full, the machine will run smoothly. If the machine were to stand still, the oil would not be disturbed, but would simply dry up in the cups.

So it is with our lives. If you are dull, gloomy, miserable, just set yourself to some worthy task. Pitch into your work with all your soul. Soon the oil of cheerfulness will flow. Soon your eyes will sparkle, and your heart grow light, and your lips break into singing.

Let us learn to be happy that we may serve better, and to serve better that we may be happy.

Daily Readings.

Mon., Feb. 24.—Diligent service. Josh. 22 : 1-5
Tues., Feb. 25.—Serving two masters. Luke 16 : 1-13
Wed., Feb. 26.—Our reasonable service. Rom. 12 : 1-11
Thurs., Feb. 27.—Lowly service. Luke 22 : 24-30
Fri., Feb. 28.—Hearty service. Col. 3 : 22-25
Sat., Mar. 1.—Service rewarded. Heb. 6 : 11-12
Sun., Mar. 2.—Topic. The joy of service. Ps. 126 : 5, 6 ; Matt. 25 : 19-23.

Dr. Miller somewhere compares our lives to a song. God has written the music for us, in the Bible and in our daily tasks. Every duty is some note upon the staff. Every disobedience is a false note and makes a discord. I think that a life well lived on earth must make sweet music in heaven.

Our Members Testify.

Every workman is anxious to do work that will last. If we have that noble ambition, it would be well for us to remember something that the great English preacher, Robertson, once said: "Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and for others. That which is done for self dies. Perhaps it is not wrong," he added, "but it perishes."

Ruskin, in his "Ethics of the Dust," insists that our service of God is not what it should be until it is happy service. "God gives us always strength enough and sense enough," Ruskin says, "for what He wants us to do; if we tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault." Our happiness in our work is one of the best evidences that it is God's work we are doing.

In the midst of his heavenly vision on the house-top, Peter heard the knock which commanded him to set out on the journey to Caesarea. He did not tarry longer with the vision, but descended to the service for which the vision was only a preparation. So what the Christian calls "attending divine service"—going to church and prayer meeting—is only the vision, the preparation for the service that is knocking all the time eagerly at his doors.

In George Eliot's "Adam Bede," she makes one of the characters express his dislike to see workmen drop their tools as soon as the clock begins to strike, or the bell to ring. "The very grindstone," says the speaker, "will go on turning a bit after you loose it." It ought to be that way with Christian Endeavorers. We ought not to drop our active service in the society as soon as we are released from committee work or go out of office.

A Thankful Heart.

I thank Thee, Lord, that thou dost lay These near horizons on my way.
If I could all my journey see
There were no charm of mystery,
No veiled grief, no changes sweet,
No restful sense of tasks complete.
I thank thee for the hills, the night,
For every barrier to my sight;
For every turn that blinds my eyes
To coming pain or glad surprise;
For every bound thou settest nigh,
To make me look more near, more high;
For mysteries too great to know;
For everything thou dost not show.
Upon thy limits rests my heart,
Its safe horizon, Lord, thou art.
—Quoted in the Ministry of Comfort.

Climbing.

The Christian life is always an ascent. It is a daily climb out of the past, out of the worldly and the carnal in our hearts, out of sin and ignorance, weakness and littleness, up into the life and light and love of God. The true manhood comes both by the renunciation and the upward toil. Strength comes day by day, and courage increases and faith grows into patience and flowers into the assurance of hope. There are bright and happy things on the hills for patient soul-climbers. They are above the mists and clouds of unbelief, above the storms of earth in the perpetual sunshine of the light of God's countenance. There is a wider view, a sweeter air, and then a rest that is everlasting.—Central Presbyterian.