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CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"To every man his work."—Mark xiii. 34.
"We are His workmanship."—Eph. iv. 10.

I laid it down in silence,
This work of mine ;
And took what had been sent me—
A resting time.

The Master's voice had called me
To rest apart ;
"Apart with Jesus only,"
Echoed my heart.

I took the rest and stillness
From His own hand,
And felt this present illness
Was what He planned.

How often we choose Labor,
When He says "Rest,"
Our ways are blind and crooked,
His way is best.

The work Himself has given
He will complete,
There may be other errands
For tired feet.

There may be other duties
For tired hands,
The present is Obedience
To His commands.

There is a blessed resting
In lying still,
In letting His hand mould us
Just as He will.

His work must be completed,
His lessons set ;
He is the higher workman ;
Do not forget.

It is not only "working,"
We must be trained ;
And Jesus "learnt obedience"
Through suffering gained.

For us, His yoke is easy,
His burden light,
His discipline most needful,
And all is right.

We are but under-workmen,
They never choose
If this tool, or if that one,
Their hands shall use ;

In working or in waiting,
We may fulfil
Not ours at all, but only
The Masters' will.

S. M. E.

TO OUR READERS.

We are glad to be able to say that our lengthened sickness is gradually passing away, and we have every reason to presume that we will soon be able to resume our former editorial labors.

However, we found it beyond our strength to contribute any articles to this number of the EXPOSITOR, but we are thankful to the friends whose numerous contributions have fully supplied this lack on our part. What an army of able writers has sprung into being as a part and parcel of this Divine movement! and we believe the number will increase indefinitely.

A correspondent requests us to give in minute detail our spiritual experiences whilst on the bed of pain, but we find that even that must be deferred.

In view of the number and quality of the original articles of January and February numbers of the EXPOSITOR, we feel that no apology is due to any one, excepting, perhaps, concerning the unavoidable delay connected with their publication.