

"You need patience, you need help, you need, above all, often to look at your copy. A perfect resemblance you never may have, but you may succeed in getting one which will do credit both to you and your master."

Edwin took up the pencil which he had flung down, and carefully and attentively studied the picture. He found very much in his copy to alter, very much to rub out; but at last he completed a very fair sketch, which he presented with a little hesitation to his brother.

"I shall have this framed, and hung up in my room," said Henry.

"Oh, it is not worth that!" exclaimed Edwin, colouring with pleasure and surprise.

"Not in itself, perhaps," replied Henry; "but it will serve often to remind us both of an important truth, which was suggested to me when I saw you labouring at your copy."

Edwin looked in surprise at his brother, who thus proceeded to explain his words:—

"We, dear Edwin, as Christians, have all one work set before us: to copy in our lives the example set us by a heavenly Master. It is in the Bible that we behold the features of a character perfect and pure. By how many of us choose rather to imagine to ourselves what a Christian should be like! We aim low; we are content with little progress; we perhaps please ourselves with the thought of our own wisdom and goodness, while every one but ourselves can see that our copy is wretched and worthless."

"What are we to do?" said Edwin.

"We must closely examine the study set in the Bible; we must compare our lives with God's law, and we shall then soon find enough of weakness and sin to make us humble ourselves before God. When we read of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, we shall be ashamed of our own passion and pride; when we find how holy was our great Example, we shall be grieved to think how unlike to Him we are."

"We can never make a good copy," sighed Edwin, "we may just give up the attempt at once."

"You judge as you did when you wished to tear up your picture in despair, as soon as you saw how imperfect it was. No, no, my dear boy, I say to you now as I said

to you then, you need *patience*, you need *help*—help from the good Spirit of God; and, above all, you need to look often at your study, to keep the character and work of your Lord ever before your eyes."

"But if I do my best I shall still fall so short!"

"I know it," said Henry, gravely; "but this feeling should not prevent your aiming at perfection. God will complete His work in the hearts of His servants, not on earth, but in heaven. There the copy, feebly commenced below, shall be made a likeness indeed! For what says the Word of God? '*We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is!*'"

JESUS A FRIEND.

No man need ever think himself friendless while he has Jesus for a friend. My reader, is He your friend?

I. *You need Him.* You need one who can forgive your sins. You need one who can intercede for you with God. You need one who can give you a new heart—who can save your undying soul. Only one can do all these things for you.—Jesus is the friend you need.

II. *He will never disappoint you.* Of what earthly friend, living or dead, could you say this? Never was there a wife so affectionate that she did not sometimes exhibit petulance or seeming coldness. Never one so devoted but she was liable to be swayed occasionally by the secret loadstone of selfishness. A confiding girl gives heart and hand to him whom she looks on as her life-guide. But does she not too often find a "broken reed" that pierces her trusting soul with silent sorrow? The best and noblest husband is not perpetually good or noble. To-day his words are honey.—To-morrow there is the slightest drop of acid in them, that makes the delicate tissues of a wife's heart to smart. To-day his face was sunshine.—But to-morrow's clouded brow may cast a transient shadow o'er the household. In our spiritual experience, too, what disappointments! The pastor is not always faithful; the teacher is not always wise; the most consistent Christian often indeed deserves the tingling rebuke, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

But thanks and glory to Him who first loved me! In Him I find a friend that never deceived me and never disappoints me. In the first hours of my soul's distress under conviction of sin, I went to Him, and He gave ear at once to my cry. He heard my prayer. He realized all my necessities. He knew my certainty of punishment un-