



Too Busy to Freeze.

OW swiftly the glittering
brook rolls by,
Pursuing its busy career,
Reflecting the beams of
the cheerful sun
In waters transparent
and clear;
Kissing the reeds and the
lowly flowers,
Retrefreshing the roots of
the trees,

Happy all Summer to ripple a song,
In Winter "Too busy to freeze."

Onward it glides whether sunshine or storm
Await on its vigorous way,
And it prattles of hope and sustaining love,
Whether cloudy or bright the day,
Chill Winter around may its torpor fling,
And on lazier waters seize,
But the nimble brook is too much for him,
Being far "Too busy to freeze."

May we, like the brook, in our path through life,
As active and steady pursue
The course in which reality lies,
Which is lovely and useful too.
Still nourish the needy, refresh the sad.
And, despising indulgent ease,
Adorn life's current with generous work,
"With love that's "Too busy to freeze."

Yes! while there's a brother to warn from sin,
A sister to save from despair,
A penitent heart to be meekly taught
To utter the prodigal's prayer;
An outcast child to be turned to God,
A foe to be brought to his knees,
The heathen yet to be sought and taught,
We must be "Too busy to freeze."

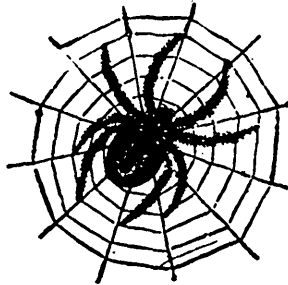
A Gift.

SALVATION is a gift from God. But, as one has forcibly said, "a gift is not a gift until it is accepted." That which is forced upon another without his consent, is not a gift; it is an imposition. A dose of medicine poured down the throat of an unconscious, or resisting patient, is not in any sense a gift. The word implies two persons, one of whom is free either to bestow it, or to withhold it; the other of whom is free either to accept it or reject it. The act of accepting salvation is surely man's act, and that act is faith. The free act of God in bestowing salvation is grace; the free act of man in accepting it is faith.—*Gladden.*

The Broken Web.

[ORIGINAL]

By the Editor.



ONE summer evening while in my study, my attention was attracted by the operations of a spider which had built its web across one corner of the window. It had woven the long threads which were to serve as supports to the web, and upon the work of weaving, it had just commenced. As I looked, it occurred to me that I would sever one or two of the long threads and watch the result. No sooner had I cut them, than the spider darted out of sight. After a few minutes it cautiously returned to the centre of the web, and I naturally expected to see it at once resume its weaving. But no—there it stood for a while, looking round as though thinking what had better be done. Then it commenced travelling up and down, examining each thread, until at last it reached a broken one. No sooner did it discern the break, than it set to work splicing and mending it. Then it went to the others in turn, and when they were all repaired, it returned to the centre, and resumed the work of weaving. The little thing seemed to realize that until those broken parts were repaired, there was no use in proceeding with the work. Its web would always be weak and insecure.

Dear fellow worker, how are you working? Is there a feeling of insecurity? If so, why is it? Examine yourself. Go back over your past history since you first entered the service. Do you discover a point where communion with the Master has been broken? Is not this the secret of your weakness? I beseech you, learn a lesson from the little spider. Do not proceed further, until all has been made right. Remember your work will ever be unsatisfactory, and unstable, if the mainstays of the web of your life's work are not properly connected.

NO man can have "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" until he first has "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The two are often confounded, but they differ. *Peace with God* marks the conclusion of man's rebellion against his Maker; the *Peace of God* is a fruit of the Holy Spirit shed abroad within the heart. No man can have peace with God until he turns from sin, and ceases to rebel against the Almighty.