

right to our worship and service. Will you give Him yours? And will you give them now? You are His by creation, you are His doubly by redemption, for He has bought you with His precious blood, and you are His "purchased possession;" become His also by your own voluntary consecration, and then all the blessings which He died to procure, and is exalted to be: now, will be conferred on you.

Then, having accepted Him for yourselves, diffuse the knowledge of His name among others, that they may obtain the same advantages that we enjoy. That which has been so good for Britain and America, will be equally beneficial to India, China and Japan. Spread it, then, to earth's remotest bound, that wherever the blight of sin has fallen, the blessings of salvation may be received and enjoyed. If it is good for us in the East of this great Continent, it must be equally for those who are building up the waste places in the West. Therefore, by every means in your power let it be your care to secure that the Gospel shall be sent to every new settlement, and a church maintained among every company of emigrants. The life of the Church depends on its aggressiveness, and the permanent prosperity of the country can be secured only by its being thoroughly evangelized.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

WORDS IN SEASON.

Who among us has not proved their efficacy at one time or another? They may be read or spoken, they may be a part of the ripe counsel of some sainted one, they may fall from the wise lips of a thoughtful friend, they may come to us anonymously in newspaper column or bit of verse, yet all the same they accomplish their mission. They restrain, or impel, guide or withhold, as may be, and leave us often but half conscious of the influence under which we have acted.

Perhaps we are away from home, seeking rest and refreshment in a visit, and the Sabbath morning finds us somewhat averse to movement, inclined to spend the long, bright hours in reading or musing on some cool verandah.

But a "word in season" comes to us. A line, perhaps, in the church paper, or verse in the book beside us, and our hearts are warmed with a new glow of love and desire. We cast off the dulness of ease-loving thoughts. We go thankfully and humbly to the house of God, and returning thence gladdened and strengthened, the word in season has done its work, whether we remember or forget it.

And again, we are perplexed, cast down, well nigh discouraged. We feel that the clouds were never so dark, the outlook never so hopeless, the morning never so tardy before. Suddenly, to our fainting hearts comes the cordial of a word of cheer. Encouragement, consolation, sympathy are found, are ours in a moment; and straightway the heavy burden is lighter, because hope revives and courage comes with it, and we go on our way blessing the word in season.

Is it not a glorious office to be able to speak such words? True, they may be, and often are, but obscure in their origin and limited in their sphere. They may be unknown to the world at large, unprized even by the majority of the small circle who hear them or read them. But there are some hearts to which they speak, some aims they strengthen, some actions they determine, and in so doing they have done their work.

And perhaps in the hereafter, many a saint shall know (if such a thing be possible), a yet deeper gladness when learning that some word spoken here below had helped and cheered a fellow-saint toiling painfully heavenward.

LIVING EPISTLES.

Consistency is a jewel; but sometimes, even in the lives of some ministers, and others, we are led to inquire, "Where art thou fled?" I have known a few men who were fine preachers in the pulpit, and so coarse and waggish in every-day life as almost to destroy the effect of their pulpit ministrations and their Christian usefulness altogether.

I have often thought of the old African's observation to the minister: "Massa, when I sees you in de

pulpit I thinks you ought never to come out, an' den, when I sees you out, I thinks you ought never to go back." How applicable is this home thrust to many others, as well as to preachers.

The world will know us, and read us hence the importance of being every day Christians, consistent in everything and in every place, shewing to the world that we have been with Christ, and not make it necessary for them to go to the church on Sabbath to find it out; if we do, many will never know it, for they do not go there.—*St. Louis Observer.*

NOTHING TO YOU!

By an eminent Scotch Divine, for Christians who deem it no harm to use their liberty for drinking alcoholic drinks.

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
As you sit round the board,
When the feast is spread before you,
And the rich, red wine is poured,
That a mighty spirit of evil
Lurks beneath its flow,
While pleasure floats on its surface,
That danger is hidden below?

Is it nothing to you, though that spirit
Walks to and fro through the land,
Sowing the seeds of misery
Broadcast on every hand;
That those seeds are to cause a harvest
Of poverty, death, and woe,
Of ignorance, crime and madness,
And you are helping to sow?

Still does the wily tempter
Whisper his oft told lie
Into the ears of his victim,
"You shall not certainly die."
You may drink, for, look at the Christians!
Do they not drink of it, too?
And the listeners fall as they listen,
And is *this* nothing to you?

Ye have the gift of knowledge;
Ye are standing fast in your strength.
But that which is now your servant
May become your tyrant at length.
Would you teach your little children
To utter the Saviour's prayer,
"Lead us not into temptation,"
Then lead them and leave them there?

The path is dangerous and slippery
Which they see you safely pursue;
But they may follow and perish;
And is this nothing to you?
Thousands are struggling before you,
In the dark and fearful wave
Which hurries them down to destruction,
Will you reach no hand to save?

But if with a generous effort,
A rope to their aid you send,
That rope will prove unavailing
If you hold not the other end;
Would you draw the perishing drunkard
Back to the shores of hope,
Yourselves must give him the courage;
Yourselves must hold the rope.

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
By the blood of Christ redeemed,
That through you the name of Jesus
Is by the heathen blasphemed,
Because, along with the Gospel,
The poisoned cup you bring,
And ruin them, soul and body,
With the accursed thing?

Ye are called with a holy calling,
The lights of the world to be;
To light up the lamp of the Gospel,
That others the path may see.
But if, while bearing it onward,
You lead the feeble astray,
And they fall in the hidden pitfalls,
Oh! what will your Master say?

Away with the evil custom
That makes your lamp burn dim!
He gave His life for your ransom;
Will you give up nothing for Him?
Away with the evil custom!
Throw the fetters of self aside;
Nor destroy with your strength and knowledge
The souls for whom Jesus died.

ADVANCED THOUGHT.

The advocates of "advanced thought" are diligently engaged in the endeavour to obtain admiration for and imitation of the life and works of Goethe. In his last days he made this confession: "When I look around me and see

how few of the companions of earlier years are left to me, I think of a summer residence at a bathing place. When you arrive you first become acquainted with those who have already been there some weeks, and who leave you in a few days. This separation is painful. Then you join to the second generation, with which you live a good while, and become really intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us lonely with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have, properly nothing to do. I have ever been considered one of Fortune's chiefest favourites; nor can I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care, and in my seventy-ninth year, I may say that I never had four weeks of genuine pleasure. The stone was ever to be rolled up anew."

As Goethe had no well-founded hope for the life to come, his life here, according to his own acknowledgment, was not worth living.

Contrast with these confessions the grateful review and exciting expectation of the great Apostle to the nations: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

That was a life worth living.

We joy in the radiant season,
The time that we love the best,
When the sea's calm flow, and the sunset glow,
Are bringing the needed rest.
O! sweet is the Autumn golden,
And glad is the early morn;
And soft is the light that falls at night
Upon the whispering corn.
For all the world sings happy lays,
And our hearts are stirred to songs of praise,
And God comes near in these holy days,
For our Heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

MAKING THINGS EASY.

There is no small art in taking things easy, so long as we must suffer annoyances in this breathing world, saying as little as possible about them, and making no parade of our martyrdom. If making a fuss and rendering everyone else about us uncomfortable in any way abated the ills that flesh and spirit are heir to, there would be some slight excuse for the folly and selfishness; but since we cannot escape tribulations of one kind or another, fretting only aggravates them. Either let us be silent and endure, or take arms against our woes, and by contending end them. In general, he who makes no ado is supposed to have no troubles of his own, or an organization so inferior that it is not jarred out of tune by the rough usage of fortune; to make the very worst of every trouble, big or little, from the fracture of a teacup to that of a skull, is considered by many a proof of great sensibility and depth of character, while he who pursues the other course, who endures reverses, slights, injuries, pin-pricks of annoyance, agues of anxiety, physical and mental neuralgias, without reporting them to every passer, and howling his grievances into the ears of every listener, is spoken of as of fibre too coarse to feel acutely and suffer keenly. "It is his temperament," we are told. "He takes nothing to heart." Some one, however, wittily advises us: "Never tell your misfortunes; nobody likes to have unfortunate friends." But in spite of this warning many seem to think that disaster itself is a recommendation to favour; that they deserve a bonus for serving as a target for fortune's arrow; and they are not seldom acutely jealous lest some other should be deemed their superior in suffering. In the meantime, everyone has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things easy. It is comfortable to be able to agonize over one's own trials, to "a mind at leisure from itself." The person who can go without her dinner and her Spring suit and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without anyone being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbour's eye into a beam; who swallows her bitterness without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of all mankind.—*Bazar.*

BE CIVIL TO CHILDREN.

There is not care enough taken on the part of many parents and teachers to be civil to children. Children are taught—or have been, or ought to be—to be respectful to their parents and older people; but the converse obligation is not often enough insisted on or practised. There is no reason in this. If there be more in older persons to call forth respect, which may not always be true, there is also with them, or ought to be, more capacity for shewing respect, more knowledge, and judgment and practice in courtesy. They are thus looked upon, with propriety, by the children themselves as models in this particular. The pattern is often a poor one. There are teachers in our schools who have yet much to learn in this matter. They will find themselves repaid, they may be sure, in many ways, apart from the public benefit, if they will be civil to their scholars, after the most genuine fashion, and with most scrupulous care.