

Afternoon. REVIEW. — The text is Nahum i. 3. What a precious one! — "The Lord is slow to anger," etc., but will not acquit the wicked. His way is in the whirlwind, etc., and the clouds are the dust of His feet. Such is the poetical language which describes His power and majesty. This declaration is preparatory to Nahum's prophecy again Nineveh.

LABOUR AND ITS REWARD.

THE Divine prescription which says, "Six days shalt thou labour," means that we must be systematic in all our energies; commence Monday morning, and keep it up until Saturday evening. Always be employed in doing something; have some good end in view. Work for ourselves; work for others. Do good to everybody. Drop a kind word here, and do a kind act there. Be saving of time, never wasting it in idle deeds or idle conversation, for—

"Time destroyed

Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

Labour has its reward. The toiler toils not in vain. To the man of work, there comes the sweet consciousness that labour wears the crown in this busy world. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne." Labour enthrones us in more senses than one. It develops us. What would the world be without it? Labour in the mine brings forth the rich treasures of the earth; the labour of the soil gives us bread. The labour of the shop places at our disposal the implements of our high civilisation. For all we have, we are indebted to man as a labourer somewhere.

This world is full of mutual dependencies. Everywhere, whether we realise it or not, man is his "brother's keeper." The productions of one clime are developed by the toiling hand, and by the hand of our brother man they are transferred, over land and sea, to other and distant parts of the world.

The Creator has rendered the different parts of the earth unlike in their fruits, grains, and minerals, for the very purpose of affording man employment, and of harmonising the race and showing its unity. He has hid beneath a veil the secrets of science, that the brain may labour to bring them forth to light and use. He has hid the treasures of gold and silver in the earth's deep places, that the hand of man may labour to bring them forth. All our luxuries, all our necessities, come to us with the stamp of human genius and industry. The hat upon your head; the coat on your back; the rich and costly fabric you wear; the shoe that protects your foot from the frozen earth; the pin with which you fasten your collar or cuff, so small and simple; the tiny needle, that emblem of household economy; the food you eat; the bed on which you repose; the walls that ward off the chill blast of a wintry night; the roof that catches the falling rain; the coach or car in which you ride for profit or pleasure; the watch on whose dial-plate you take your reckoning of time; and the whole list of your wants, all are stamped with the seal of human industry.

But the highest reward is that which labour gives the labourer in personal development. Man is only and truly man when he spends his energies of soul and body on some great enterprise, worthy of the genius and power of humanity. Hence, he who does not labour in some way is a failure.

Labour enriches. Property is one of the rewards of industry. Some obtain more than others; but, then, inequality affords the opportunity of benevolence. If all had enough, then none could know the blessedness of giving. Thus the poor have a mission as well as the rich; the one to receive, the other to give—while blessings come to the giver above the receiver.

Let us labour, then, for the development of the treasures of wealth and of science, which are laid up in store for all who will have them. Seek diligently for the highest perfection of manhood and womanhood. Put forth your best exertions, that you may lay up something to provide for your wants when the heart beats slowly and the eye grows dim with age. Labour, that you may have a dollar to put into the hand of a suffering, needy brother or sister, that may be reached out to you as you go along the journey of life. Labour, that you may be true man, that you may be godlike; and never give up, but labour on. If you fail now, try again; keep on trying. Success will come, if not in this world, then in the next. Your labours, your disappointments, your poverty

even, shall all work together for your good. Your labour, if performed in the right spirit, shall not be in vain.

Work on, but do not worry. It is worry that eats up our lives—the worm of the soul, whose sting is fatal. Robust labour of hand or head makes us strong, and adds years to life. It is hard to put more on a man than he can bear. The mind, like the arch, gains strength from pressure. It is not the revolution of the wheel that destroys the machine, but the friction. As rust will eat up the blade, so worry will eat up the soul. Someone has well said, "Fear secretes acid, but love and trust are the sweet juices of life."

Then, too, consider that all of our activities should be directed toward one single end—our high spiritual destiny. All should be laid at the feet of Christ, the world's Redeemer. Everything we do should have about it the aroma of goodness. Our life-calling, whatever it may be—whether profession, mechanic art, or tiller of the soil—all should be made in some way contributory to our high interests, our moral uplifting and development.

Then, gird on the apron; make bare the stalwart arm; seize the sledge, the saw, or the plane; strike the heated iron; shape the oak or pine; mould the plastic clay; fashion the liquid metal; measure the costly goods; weave the useful fabric; drive the shuttle at the loom, the pen at the desk. Let our streets echo to the heavy wheels of industry; let our valleys resound with the scream of the locomotive; let our lakes, rivers, and seas be alive with the white-winged ships of commerce; let our marts of trade keep up their busy hum, but let all these energies be consecrated to the good of humanity. Thus shall we fulfil our life mission, and work out the true destiny of the world.

"God bless the noble working-men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mine, and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main!
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of our lands."

J. H. M.

DO YOU PRAY?

DAVID did. His circumstances were indeed unfavourable.

A crown was upon his head. The care of a kingdom pressed him. He might have said, "I have no time." But he prayed. He prayed much. Prayer formed one of his most influential habits. What proofs and illustrations abound in those wonderful writings—the Psalms. How touching, earnest, often sublime, were his cries unto God!

Daniel did. He was indeed a statesman and courtier. He lived in the midst of idolaters. To them his religion was offensive. The king bade him not to pray unto the Lord. If he did, it was a mortal peril. The great men of Babylon conspired to make this very thing the means of his ruin. Still he prayed. He did it, not ostentatiously, but without concealment. His religious principle was stronger than his fear of men. Three times a day he kneeled, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as aforetime.

St. Paul did. It was the first pulse and expression of his new life in Christ. "Behold, he prayeth!" said the Spirit. The fact was the surpassing but conclusive proof of his spiritual change. From being Saul the persecutor, it was thus shown he had become Paul the saint. However, after that event, his life was one of prayer, as well as heroic labour; of prayer for himself, for his countrymen, for the Gentile world, for the blood-bought Church. Holier, more intense, sublimer aspirations probably never ascended from a human soul.

Our Lord Jesus Christ did. This is a most impressive truth. It ought to be pondered by all who do not pray. The Saviour was perfect. He was Divine. He had no sins to be forgiven. There were in Him no evil passions to be subdued. He was subject to no temptations that He could not resist. He was assailed by no enemy whom He could not conquer. He had life in Himself. He had creative power. He had infinite merit. But He prayed. He prayed earnestly, and with His disciples.

"Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

Yes; David, Daniel, St. Paul, our Lord Jesus Christ, all prayed. The prophets and the saints were men of prayer. Even God, made man, prayed for you. Do you pray?—*Advocate and Journal.*