

His love speaks to us through a glorious deed, which wakes the song of heaven and the wonder of eternity; then our love, like his, must speak through action, and take as the motto on its shield, "Deeds, not words." Christian works are but animate love, as flowers are the animate spring-tide." His love found expression through a sacrifice; then ours must express itself through sacrifice. His love was displayed when "He bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows; then, with all the tenderness of strength," "bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." His love would delegate to no other being his work on our behalf.—Looking on lost men, he did not say, "I will send an angel;" but, "I will go myself to save them;" and redemption was his own personal act. Then our love is not to have a mere representative utterance, but to find embodiment in our own personal ministry. It will not be satisfied by an indolent gift to some annual subscription list, or by handing its own responsibilities to some impersonal institution. It will to the utmost pay its own visits, do its own work; and by thus being most Christ-like will be most effective. Sometimes the costliest gifts, and blazonry of the most imposing delegation, will be as nothing in their power, compared with touches and glances from the living presence—with the slightest words, warm with the tones of the moment, the slightest acts, alive with individuality, and wrought directly by ourselves.—*Central Truths.*

THE FIRST OFFER.

Not long since, as a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, the following conversation substantially occurred:—

"It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not of a settled mind in religion, as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless. I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the *eleventh hour.*"

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering labours who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these men accepted the *first offer.*"

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. They said to the lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us. They welcomed his first offer immediately.'"

"I had not thought of that before. But then the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yee; but is it likely that even he had ever rejected an offer of salvation as preached by Christ and his apostles? Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts and haunts to which he had been accustomed, the gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he too accepted the *first offer?*"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope."

"Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion. You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. *Now* is the accepted time! Begin *now!*"

"How shall I begin?"

"Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the great Physician, in order to be healed. So commit your soul to him as a present Saviour. Then serve him from love. The next, event, the most common duty of life that you have to perform, do it as service unto him. Will you accept the *first offer?* Your eyes are open to see your peril. Beware of delay,—beware."

"You are, right. May God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject."—*Tract Journal.*

OUR HOME.

Thank God for *home*, and all the joys that cluster round and make it of all "pleasant places" the most pleasant. There are languages of the earth in which there is no word that corresponds to *home*. The French have no word like it now. The old Romans did not know the term. Many who have the thing itself are ignorant of its meaning. And it is not easy to define it. I like the definition which the child gave when asked by a friend, "What is *home?*" Looking up at his mother, he replied, "Where *mother* is."

Truth is difficult to reach; it becomes coloured on its way to us, with the weaknesses and faults of the individuals with whom, in its transmission, it comes into contact.