

Remember
THE
EVANGELISTIC BIBLE CLASS

HELD
Every Sunday Afternoon,

AT 3 O'CLOCK, FOR ONE HOUR.

All are invited.

THE GRISTLESS MILL.

IN one of those day-dreams that come over the mind in times of meditation, I thought that I went down to one of my favourite haunts on the river side, where stands a large flour mill. I went round and looked at the great water-wheel. The wheel went round with a steady, majestic movement that seemed to express patient continuance in well-doing.

The roar of the machinery drew me instinctively towards the door, and I entered. All the wheels, bands, cranks, and stones were in regular motion, making the whole building shake, and drowning the song of the stream with their deafening noise. I naturally thought of the amount of work such a collection and adaptation of forces would execute. I looked round for the results, but no flour fell from the spout. I ascended to the flat above, and looked into the hopper, but it was empty. The stones were merely grinding each other; all the machinery was in motion, tearing and wearing, each part the other, but doing no work. It was a gristless mill.

I turned to the miller and said, "what does this mean? The machinery is all in motion, but you have no corn in the mill."

"Oh!" he said, "I am sorry it is so, but it is better to keep the mill going at any rate. It would look very bad if all was at a stand-still. Why, what would my neighbours think if the mill was stopped? Besides, I could not bear it myself; it would look like bad times, in no mistake, if my mill were standing. In fact, I can't sleep without the noise,

I have been so used with it, brought up to it, for it was my father's mill; if it's stopped during my afternoon nap it wakes me. No, no; the mill must go on, grist or no grist."

My dream was done, and I sought for an interpretation of it. Are there not many, who, in the most important of all things, act on this principle? All who have the form of godliness without its power; who attend to all religious ceremonies and works without vital religion in the heart; they keep all the machinery in motion; they have the noise and the activity, but what is the result? No true work is done, no profit to themselves or others; time is wasted, strength is spent, many operations maintained, but without the vital power of the Divine Spirit in the heart, no good is accomplished. It is the gristless mill; kept going for the sake of a good name, and for the temporary peace with which it soothes to sleep the polluted conscience.

"Awake, O sleeper!" See to thy work that it is good, truly profitable to man, and honouring to God. (*Stirling Tract condensed.*)

DON'T FORGET

THAT WE

EXTEND

TO

Every Young Man

IN

TORONTO,

HEARTY WELCOME

TO

OUR ROOMS.

COME !