

Everything comes by believing. "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." How many years for joy and peace, and wonder they have so little of either, who persistently neglect the statement that joy and peace came through believing. Figs do not grow on thistles, and joy and peace do not grow on any stones but faith. Fullness of joy and peace come through actively believing that God means every word He says. Life comes through believing "men shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Each word really believed brings its measure of peace and joy and power. And the soul that believes God means every word He says will so know Jesus Christ by faith that he can never be discouraged. Every particle of discouragement in a Christian life comes from failing to know, or to believe, some word that God hath spoken. "Strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." "The Spirit applieth to us the redemption purchased by Christ by working faith in us." The Spirit introduceth us into continuous fellowship with Christ by working continuous faith in us. "That Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith." "Christ in you, the hope of glory." "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

This is the first consequence of the Holy Spirit's controlling presence. The soul is led so to "believe the report" concerning Jesus Christ that it enters into blessed companionship with Him, not by glimpses, but as an abiding fellowship.

The consequence of this consequence, which may be called the second consequence, with a serious indication of a possible break in the chain, will be the subject of the next paper.

Presbyterian Ladies' College, Ottawa.

His First Convert.

An eminent minister and teacher has thus told the story of his first convert. He was a mere lad himself when he gave his heart to Christ. Then he looked about for some one, in the little community where he lived, whom he might win for the gospel. It was a discouraging search. Everybody seemed to be beyond the reach of such a young evangelist.

At length he bethought himself of a poor, half-witted boy, whom everybody seemed to pass by. Day after day he sat down to talk to this feeble intellect, and at length the light seemed to dawn. Feeble as he was, his poor wit did not prevent him from becoming a useful Christian.

Ever afterwards when he would meet his young instructor on the streets, or elsewhere, he greeted him with the same words: "Thanky, Johnny; thanky, Johnny." In after years the minister was accustomed to say, "When I get to heaven, the first greeting I expect to hear will be the unforgetten gratitude of my first convert—'Thanky, Johnny.'"—Forward.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?"

Nothing so hinders a soul from coming to Christ as a vain love of the world; and till a soul is freed from it, it can never have true love for God.—Bunyan.

This hour is mine with its present duty; the next is God's, and when it comes, His presence will come with it.—Anon.

• Our Young People •

An "I Ought" Meeting.

Topic for Sept. 9.—"Our Simple Duty."—Luke 17: 7-10.

Done From Duty.

BY REV. F. D. POWER, D.D.,

Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Nelson said to the men at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty"; and after he received his mortal wound, assured that the day had gone in favor of his country's flag, he exclaimed "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

The story is told that during the dark days in Connecticut, the candles were lighted in many houses, and domestic fowls went to their roosts. The people thought the day of judgment had come. The legislature was then in session in Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned. In the Council it was also proposed to adjourn. Colonel Davenport objected, saying, "The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjourning; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles be brought."

The idea of duty here is a noble one. Any action, or course of actions, flowing from the relation in which we stand to God or man; anything that one is bound to perform by natural or legal or religious obligation, is duty. We ought to love it. It should be all-engrossing all-inspiring. Coleridge says: "I remember Bowyer saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, 'Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying.'"

While duty should be precious and dominant, however, duty may be satisfied with its doings, but love has never done enough. "Thank God, I have done my duty," says the dying Nelson. "Alas! I have been an unprofitable servant," exclaims the dying Christian, after all he has done. This is the radical difference between the Christian and others. William Grimshaw once said: "When I come to die, I shall have my greatest grief and greatest joy; my greatest grief, that I have done so little for my Lord Jesus; and my greatest joy, that my Lord Jesus has done so much for me. My last words shall be, 'Here goes an unprofitable servant.'"

Love is the great motive, and love makes duty easy and glorious. "I make it a point," said Mr. Moody, "to go and see my widowed mother at Northfield once a year. Now suppose I should go there next Thanksgiving Day and say, 'Mother, I did not want to come this time, but a sense of duty compelled me.' Don't you think mother would very soon tell me if that was all that brought me I need not come again? and yet is not that the way that many Christians go about the Lord's work? They have no love for it." "Take My yoke upon you," says Christ. That is duty. "My yoke is easy and My burden is light." That is duty done in love. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Do all the good you can. (1 Tim. 6:17-19.)

In all the ways you can. (1 Cor. 13:58.) To all the people you can. (Matt. 5:44-45.)

At all the times you can. (Prov. 3:27-28.)

As long as ever you can. (Eccl. 9:10.) Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. (1 Cor. 10:31.)

Having done all, say, "We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do."

Let us keep ever in mind our duty to God and to man. Duty will keep us in the middle of the road. "By-path meadow" will have little attraction for us if this thought be uppermost. In our parks we sometimes see the sign: "Take notice. In walking through these grounds you are requested to keep the footpath." Crooked ways will be avoided, temptations to stray from the safe road will be overcome, if duty is always our guiding star. Let it control us. Let such examples of faithfulness to duty as are given in the Holy Scriptures inspire us. Duties are ours, results belong to God. Do them, and experience will prove, as has been said, that duty puts over every man a blue sky, into which the skylark Happiness always goes singing.—Christian Endeavor World.

For Daily Reading.

Mon.,	Sept. 3.—First things.	1 Kings 3:5-10
Tues.,	Sept. 4.—Duties vs. pleasures.	2 Tim. 2:1-4
Wed.,	Sept. 5.—The great choice.	Eccl. 12:1-13
Thurs.,	Sept. 6.—Guidance needed.	Ps. 25:1-8
Fri.,	Sept. 7.—Unwearied in good works.	2 Thess. 3:1-13
Sat.,	Sept. 8.—The reward of well-doing.	Isa. 3:10; Eph. 6:8
Sun.,	Sept. 9.—Topic. Our simple duty.	Luke 17:7-10

Sir Henry Lawrence's Epitaph.

In the terrible days of the Indian mutiny, the great defender of Lucknow, Sir Henry Lawrence, a man eminent as a statesman and a soldier, was one of the heroes of the time. Gallant, accomplished, beloved, he filled a large place in the world. Yet when he was mortally wounded at his post of duty, and lay dying in the Lucknow residency, he asked of his comrades that his epitaph should be the simple sentence: "Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty."

Every man who knew Sir Henry could testify that the words were true. Though dying before the great siege was done, his steadfast foresight and ability had so prepared the garrison and the fort for the chances of war that it was enabled to hold out until succor came. Other men in India, in like positions, lost their garrisons and their lives by neglect and carelessness; but his fort was safe, though he himself was not spared to witness its deliverance at last. His name will never be forgotten in England's Indian annals; and yet his glory has as its foundation only that simple performance of known duty that is open to every man in every land to-day. There is no one so humble that Sir Henry Lawrence's epitaph may not be his, if he will.—The Wellspring.

The one secret of life and development is not to desire and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work, to do every moment's duty aright.—Macdonald.