

READY FOR THE CROSS.

In the early days of Christianity one of the Roman Emperors resolved to build a great colosseum in the capital. A young man was appointed as architect, and took in hand the gigantic enterprise. In due time it was completed, a noble and stupendous structure. The day of inauguration came, and thousands were assembled in the presence of the monarch. But, during the years of its building, that young architect had embraced the cause of Jesus. This was unknown to the Emperor, who, with the multitudes crowned him with every honor.

As a part of the inaugural sports, five Christians were led out, nearly naked, to be thrown to the hungry lions; and the crowd eagerly waited to see the wild beasts let loose, and the followers of Christ rent in pieces. Just at that moment the young man's face was a study. Shall he deny his Lord? An invisible one was near him, breathing words of strength. Rising to his feet, he exclaimed, in tones that sent a thrill through the assembly, "I, too, am a follower of Christ, and am ready to suffer for his sake!" Instantly the laurel crown was torn from his brow, and he was hurled amongst the lions, amid the curses and execrations of the people. Could any of us do this for Jesus? Or, is it even so, that at the sneer of our companions, we shall forsake him and flee?—*Sel.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

I want to say a word to young men. It is a grand thing to be a young man; to have life before you. Life is behind me. My record is pretty nearly made; yours is to make. I can't change my record to save my life. I can't undo a deed I have done or unsay a word I have spoken to save my soul. No more can you. You are making your record. We old men have our record nearly made, and can't change it. It is an awful thing when a man is sixty five years of age to look out upon a stained, smeared, smudged record, and know he can't change it. Thank God, there is One who can wipe out the iniquity sufficient to save us, as a schoolboy wipes his sum off the slate. Even if a man is forgiven, it leaves a mark upon him he will never recover from—never. Young men, you have your life before you, and you will have to map out which direction you will take. They tell us that eight miles above us no animal can exist. It is death to all animal life eight miles in that direction. It don't depend upon the distance you travel but on the direction; and when a man takes a wrong direction, he knows it. Young men you need not tell me when you are doing

wrong you don't know it. You do. There is not a young man that is breaking his mother's heart by dissipation, but he knows it; knows that every glass he drinks will be a thorn in the way of him. I would say then, to young men, stop drinking and help us fight it. Fight this evil; it rests with the young men of our country to fight it, and to win the victory. Fight it! Fight it!—*J. B. Gough.*

LONELY WORKERS.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some, who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows anything about him; but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well. Perhaps yonder sister has a little class in the Sunday-school; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a very remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen; but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week; but nobody discovers all that she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone—the Father is with them.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

People talk about the phenomenal sales of "Robert Elsmere" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," says the New York *Sun*, and yet there is one publishing house, the sales of which quadruple all these taken together—the Bible. During the past year the Bible Society has sent 1,325,672 copies, and in the 72 years of its existence has issued nearly 50,000,000 Bibles. At present the presses are turning off 4,000 copies per day.

"I expect to pass through life but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."