

Christians outside of it. There is a lamentable lack of conscience in too much of the flaming piety which burns out all its oil in the prayer room or the "praise-meeting." We do not wonder at the sneers which are often levelled by shrewd men of the world at this sort of "revival religion." See to it that you give no occasion for such sneers. See to it that Jesus is not betrayed before his enemies by your inconsistency. The best thing you can do for your Saviour and your Master is to live an honest, truthful, pure and godly life. Others are watching you. Then watch over yourself.

In putting on your armor, don't forget that the sword of the Spirit is the Word of God. Not content with merely reading your Bible study it. Instead of skimming over whole acres of truth, put your spade into the most practical passages and dig deep. Study the twenty-fifth Psalm, and the twelfth chapter of Romans, as well as the sublime eighth chapter. Study the whole epistle of James. It will teach you how a Christian ought to behave before the world. As you get on further, you may strike your hoe and your mattock down into the rich ore-beds of the Book of John. Saturate your heart with God's Word.

As for your field of Christian work, you ought not to have much trouble about that. Follow God's leadings and go into the first field of labor which he opens to you. Do not seek easy posts or those which will flatter vanity. Brave Mary Lyon used to tell her pupils at Mount Holyoke to "go where no one else was willing to go." Threescore of her graduates became missionaries for Christ Jesus. As soon as you begin to think that you are too good for your place, then the place is too good for you. Do what you can do best. A converted inebriate in my congregation has found his field in a praying-band for the reformation of drunkards. While you are working for the Master, do not neglect the inner life of your own soul. If you do not keep the fountain well filled with love of Jesus, the stream of your activities will run dry as soon as the novelty is over.

Your daily battle will be with the sins that most easily beset you. The serpent often scotched is not killed. Paul himself had to give his carnal appetites the "black eye" pretty often. You will never get your discharge from this war with the old Adam until you enter Heaven. The moment you fall asleep, the Philistines will be upon you. The dangerous devil is the one that wears the white robe and cozens you with a smooth tongue.

Finally, strive to be a Christian man everywhere. Carry the savor of your communion with Christ wherever you go. Jacob brought into his old blind father's presence such an

odor of the barley-ground and the vineyard that he had "the smell of a field which the Lord had blessed." Every place you enter ought to be the better for your presence. Never disappoint the expectation of your Master. He is the best master in the universe. Having put on the uniform of His glorious service, wear it until you are laid in your coffin. Carry His banner up to the heavenly gate. When Death calls your name on the roll, be ready to answer "Here."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"SILLIER THAN HENS?"

The Rev. Mr. Greatgift, the popular minister of the parish of Muchconceit, in the South of Scotland, had on one occasion a brother of few talents, and unpopular at that, assisting him with his communion services. On their way home, after the exercises of the Sanctuary were ended, the parishioners were in clusters of half a dozen or more, discussing the merits of the different ministers who took part in the proceedings; one group, especially, behind which Mr. Greatgift was walking unobserved, became eloquent on the *shallowness and dryness* of Mr. Smallgitts, giving several instances of his sayings, which they were pleased to term *chaff*. Mr. G. who was close behind, and an involuntary hearer of their disparaging remarks, astonished and reproached them by remarking, "friends, you are sillier than hens." "How so," asked one of them on recovering from his astonishment? Mr. G. replied, if you give a hen *wheat and chaff*, she will take the *wheat*, and reject the *chaff*, but you have evidently taken the *chaff* and rejected the *wheat*.

Reader, what is your habit? Do you go to church to catch up, carry off, and retail the *chaffy sayings* of God's one-talent servants whom you may be privileged to hear. *Chaff* is poor food for your hungry soul. Do not lower yourself beneath the silly hen, which a modern writer declares to be a natural born fool.