

What has God the Son done for me? He left His Father's bosom, and gave Himself a sacrifice. He lived on earth in poverty and grief, and died a cruel death for me. Mark Christ's gift. He did not give money, honour, lands, nor jewels, but He gave *Himself*. Am I willing now to give Him *myself*? My life in return for His life—love for love—heart for heart—all for all? Christ's intercession is now daily liberality for my soul!

What has the Holy Spirit done for me? He called, adopted, justified, and now daily sanctifies my soul. Daily grace, as well as daily bread, teaches liberality towards God and man.

In days of adversity let us look for support. They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. Weak men, in days of warfare, are unfit for rough campaigns, they fail in their own strength to battle with strong foes—God, however, says, fear not Abram, I am thy shield. Trials are appointed to strengthen souls—it was good for me that I have been afflicted. It is the cross that lifts up, nearer to heaven. The three Hebrew youths met with the Son of God in the midst of the fire. It was in the fight, that the valour of faith turned to fight the armies of the aliens. Should the future bring scorn, pain or loss, still as our day our strength shall be.

Work, work, work—for in the day of service your hands shall be made strong by the Mighty God. It was the earnest prayer of Saul of Tarsus—Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Arise, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. The working time is now. Are there not twelve hours of the day? The day of life should be well spent. It has solemn duties. How much of time is lost! The past time of our lives has been more than sufficient to have wrought the will of the flesh. Does life pay to live to the flesh? Never—it is living for a wrong purpose, striving for trifles and overlooking the great end of our being. To seek God first, to find Christ our Redeemer, and then living to Christ, work for him. The whole complexion and tendency of life will then be to give glory to Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood. Duties may be numerous and arduous, we cry—Who is sufficient for these things? Strong, however, in God's strength we go forward, that our years spent in his service may end in his favour.

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#### WINE IS A MOCKER.

A resolution of the Congregational Union recommends the preaching of sermons on the question of Intemperance, on the third Sabbath of December. The time suggested is suitable, as the season is ordinarily one of festivity—a merry Christmas and a happy New Year have often associations of a character foreign to true religion. The drinking usages that have long governed social intercourse require special exposure and resistance at that season of the year. Those who watch for souls will feel it a favorable opportunity to testify against the evils of intemperance, and raise an emphatic protest against the use of all intoxicants as a beverage. Much as has been said, and exhausted as the subject may be, so far as the introduction of new thoughts and novel modes of argument are concerned, still line upon line is needed. This mighty evil is not to be allowed to work its dire results unopposed. Its curse must not descend without an effort to ward it off. Especially would we place the shield of truth as a guard to protect the inexperienced. An effort, too, may well be made to persuade those that have been accustomed to handle the wine cup to dash it away. The question has aspects, physically, socially, politically, and religiously, sufficiently marked and important to warrant our deepest