

of that service must have had a closer communion than the other 430. They went about the towns and villages preaching and casting out demons and came often into His presence to tell Him how they had gotten on, etc. And have we not found that service for Christ brings a sense of His Presence and a power into our lives that we did not enjoy before.

I watched a big, good-hearted usher in my church one Lord's Day morning take a wee babe from a young mother who had been kept from worship a long time but at last ventured to bring her infant, because of her longing for God's house. But the little one became restless, and the mother fearing the child would disturb, arose to go out, when the usher came forward and told her he would care for the babe while she enjoyed the service, and away to the basement he went and walked to and fro, keeping the child quiet until the conclusion of the service. He did not hear one word of the preaching, but I was not surprised that evening when, as we walked home together, he remarked, "This has been a most blessed day to me. Why," he said, "this morning, while keeping Mrs. G.'s baby downstairs I was just running over with praise to God." To me the secret was obvious. A little self-denying service for Jesus had brought the joy.