

prayerfulness, zeal, unity and fidelity lift his soul upward as on a rising and powerful tide. Their devotedness to God cheers his mind, and rouses thoughts that breathe, and puts upon his lips words that burn. He must preach good sermons, for the goodness of the saints, enkindling his own, sets his soul on fire, and the sacred flame will be seen as he delivers the messages of the Lord.

The opposite course will be likely to secure an opposite result. A slothful, worldly, stupid church breaks down the spirit of a pastor. It fetters his ardent mind. It chills and cramps his enterprising spirit. A grand inspiration of preaching is gone. Great responsibility rests on those unfaithful saints. Such fallen disciples, moreover, are often the first to raise the cry of poor preaching. The preaching may be spiritual, and searching, and sanctifying, but their moral sensibilities have been benumbed by their worldliness. They are too insensible to divine things to discern the value of the ministrations they enjoy. They grope, and stumble, and cry "darkness," though it is mid-day. The poverty is all in their own souls, and had they the spiritual and heavenly mind, the true meekness and docility of the Gospel, their despised pastor's doctrine would "drop as the rain, and distil like the dew."—*London Weekly Review.*

BOTH SIDES.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

Some enjoy what they have, while others are envious of what they have not.

One complains that there is evil in the world; another rejoices that there is good.

While some are thankful for their blessings, others are grumbling over their misfortunes.

A guest considers a man's house all parlour; the servants think it principally kitchen.

Two children were looking at a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

When it rains one says that it will make mud; another that it will lay the dust.

Two men being convalescent were asked concerning their health. One replied, "I am better to-day;" while the other grunted, "I was worse yesterday."

Two boys were hunting for grapes. One was happy because he found some; the other was sorry because they had seeds in them.

Two strangers came to New York. One of them saw the saloons and gambling-halls and thought the city very wicked. The other visited the homes and thought New York very good.—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CHRIST? OR THE WHAT?

His meekness and gentleness were only equalled by His honesty and benevolence. There was about Him a conscientious thoroughness which was carried out at every sacrifice; and so far from having that love of ostentation which might be expected in One so marvellously endowed, there was a disposition to shun the applause of popularity and the blaze of earthly glory. His Sermon on the Mount evinces that, above and beyond all other things in religion, He delighted in "truth in the inward parts," and held in utter abhorrence that cold and hollow ritualism which is content with the form of godliness while denying its power. Never was there such an equipoise of moral attributes as we find in Him. To an all-embracing benevolence He joined a sternness of principle which exposed wrong wherever He found it, and insisted on faithfulness in that which was least. But most of all, pervading his other qualities and shedding its own bright halo round them all was his self-sacrificing and devoted love, manifest in the price He paid and the zeal He shewed for the redemption and regeneration of men. Unlike that Socrates "whom well inspired, the oracle pronounced wisest of men," but who went to the house of the strange woman and gave her advice on the best means of prosecuting her vile business, and of winning and keeping her friends, Jesus restored to the woman of the city "the piece which she had lost" and sent her away to live a life of purity and holiness. No dishonour darkens His name; no scandal fastened itself

on His renown. Before the portrait which these evangelists have painted, men of every age have stood in rooted admiration; and, as we have seen in the case of men like Lecky and Mill, even by those who, however inconsistently, deny His deity, He is held in estimation as the noblest of men. For centuries His life has been the object of the keenest investigation; "through all this tract of years" men have looked at Him

"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot."

But still they have seen in Him, and that too in a far higher sense than the poet has employed the words, only "the white flower of a blameless life."

Now, how shall we account for the existence of such a character as a literary portrait but from its historical reality? Even Mr. Mill himself has made this acknowledgment in these words: "It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical." . . .

But if it were real and historical, could it have been merely human? He was no development of his age; but instead, everything true and noble and loving and godlike in succeeding generations has been developed out of Him. What then?—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

Oh! Refuge of men worn and weary,
With suffering and sin oft distressed,
Could'st Thou leave 'mid surroundings so dreary
Thy peace as a dying bequest?

To Thine ear comes the cry of sharp sorrow
That rings through this pitiless world;
And know'st Thou how oft for the morrow
To a deeper despair we are hurled?

For the dawn brings no light that can lead us,
The birds sing no songs that can cheer,
Nor does the harvest give food that can feed us,
And the winter's gloom reigns through the year.

We've felt strange 'mid our kindred and neighbours,
Been lonely in thick haunts of men,
Had to rest on a stone from our labours,
And no visions to comfort us then.

We've been lured by the voice of the siren
And caught in her cruel embrace,
Have found that the heart may be iron,
Tho' beauty may shine in the face.

We are weary with chasing the shadows,
And bearing our burdens of care,
For our way has not lain through the meadows,
We have chosen the dust and the glare.

Yet, Saviour, on Thee in our anguish
We'll pillow our sore stricken head,
For in sorrow of soul Thou did'st vanquish
The foes that fill life with such dread.

We have lived for ourselves 'stead of others,
Sought in temples of pleasure our shrine,
Held no cups to the lips of our brothers,
Or with gall often mingled our wine.

We bless Thee who cam'st down in glory
To suffer, to succour, to save,
By Thy cross to make brighter life's story
And triumph o'er death and the grave.

We'll fret with the world then no longer;
It can bring to us nothing but bliss,
Were love in our heart only stronger
To God and to man than it is.

—*Good Words.*

"A CUP OF COLD WATER ONLY."

"The cup of water at the end of the tenth chapter of Matthew stands for the appreciations of Christ in the service of His disciples. As the multitude thronged His path, borne on by a great enthusiasm, our Saviour turned to give them the honest warning that the cross lies in front of true discipleship. He did not hide the stern aspect of His service for the sake of winning converts. He even put the test in the extreme form of losing one's life for His sake. The seed-corn must consent to go down into the clay, that it may live again. Man must give up self and the best of human merits, and make room, by this sacrifice, for the incoming Christ,

But this once done, the yoke being put on, the new principle of life being established, there comes a great

surprise. The cross becomes transfigured in the glory of love. The yoke, so hard to take, is found easy. The burden, once avoided, is light. Nature in her pride and selfishness could do nothing to win heaven.

All her service and toil were only the operation of self, merely a bartering of human righteousness for the righteousness of Christ. But now, when everything is changed as to its spirit and inspiring motive, a new estimate comes in. New values accrue to the very things which were valueless as works before. Whereas pride and Phariseeism could do nothing worthy to be counted in the Christian inventory, now love can do nothing so small as to be overlooked. All is now done, not as once in the name of self, but simply in the name of a disciple. The most commonplace life is at once lifted to a higher plane. There may be little room for such marked changes as shall surprise the looker-on. The course of life may flow on much as before. But Christ knows, and the new life of the Christian knows that a marvellous secret has been created.

We have seen a flower not unlike a million others, but that one blossom was worth the whole million. It held a charm of association. It enfolded a secret of love. And this love was something which perhaps only two hearts could find in the symbol; only these two could measure it. So when we do in Christ's name, and for His love, any service however small, even the giving of a cup of water, we lift the poor endeavour into sublime valuation. What in self, and for self, is the meanest pebble, becomes a pearl, a diamond in the service of loving discipleship.

No encouragement could go beyond this. No motive could be stronger to take us out of the barrenness of self into the fruitfulness of doing all to the glory of Christ.—*G. Clark, D.D.*

WHAT NOT TO DO FOR SICK PEOPLE.

Don't make a fuss. Don't bustle, don't fidget, don't prognosticate. Don't hold consultations in or about the patient's room, recounting all your own and your neighbour's experiences in what you suppose to have been like cases. Don't meddle and advise and experiment. We all need a great deal more letting alone than we get, and when we are sick it is one of our prime needs. If mortuary lists were honestly tabulated we should find that more people have been bored to death than have died from neglect. The pest of the sick-room is the inevitable friend who drops in to "cheer up" the patient, the glistening eyes and flushed cheeks which such ministrations evoke being hailed as evidences of success by the well-meaning persecutor.

Don't tease the patient with questions about food or drink, but present the proper quantity at suitable intervals; and if one article is found to be disagreeable, quietly substitute another without remark. Don't think, because the patient declines nourishment, that it becomes less necessary to administer it. By quiet, firm, methodical persistence in presenting food at stated periods, objections will become feeble and cease, in self-defence. Solid food need not be insisted upon unless by special direction of the physician, but milk and beef-tea should never be omitted.

Don't shut out the pure air and sunshine. The physician will exercise his skill in vain if wholesome food, pure air and peace do not abet his efforts.—*Home Guardian.*

"THERE is a way that seemeth right unto man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

A CANNON ball passing through a four-foot bore, receives its direction for the whole range. So the soul, in childhood, receives its direction for eternity.

ALL that we do depends upon what we are: he then who has left to the world the record of a noble life, though he may have left no outward memorial, has left an enduring source of inward, and, though inward, of outward greatness.

THE tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself, is, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections and power, lean toward God, or away from him?"—*Selected.*