

him purify his heart and life. His heavenly Father is working in him day by day the work of sanctification. The other is living without God, living for self; and not simply standing still in his wickedness, but day by day growing worse—hardening himself more and more against God.

The assertion so often made by men of un-renewed hearts, "I am as good as a Christian," is made as an excuse for not becoming a Christian. It is made to cheat the conscience, which is telling all those who make such a boast, "You are not as good as a Christian." Well indeed will it be for those thus deceiving themselves, if they open their eyes to their true state, ere they stumble into hell over the faults of professed Christians.

We attempt not to palliate or excuse these faults. Christians ought to live lives of greater holiness than they do. They ought to give much less occasion to the world to find fault with them. Every true Christian is seeking just this, that he may so let his light shine that men may take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

But every man must give an account of himself to God; and tried by this rule, where do you stand? What if all the world were hypocrites, and going down to eternal death, that would not alter your own responsibility to seek the kingdom of heaven, to give your heart to the Saviour, and serve him all your days. If you have been making this miserable excuse for not coming to Christ, I pray you, my dear friend, give it up at once. Let it no longer be said of you, "I fear he will stumble into hell over the faults of professing Christians."—*American Messenger*.

Good for a School-house.

"Rather poor accommodation for a family there, I should think," said a friend, as we rode past a small, one-story building, in one of the rural districts of New York.

"It is a school-house," I replied.

"Indeed! it is very good for a school-house."

That evening at the prayer-meeting, I heard a Christian say, "This is a dreary world. I wonder that I should ever feel attached to it. Friends fade away, riches take to themselves wings, pleasures have a concealed sting. Everything here is transitory."

Dreary, I thought, yes, dreary enough as a dwelling place, but is it not very good for a school-house? And that is the only purpose for which God ever meant it.

"Riches, friends, pleasures pass away." To be sure they do. So do poverty, enemies, troubles, for all these are only school-books, and when we have learned all the lessons any one of them can give us, our teacher, God, takes it away, and gives us another book. Earth is changeable, and ought to be. Do we want to be kept always in the lowest class,

because if we enter a higher one we must give up our primers? The change from riches to poverty is often, as God looks at things, promotion.

I saw another man not long after, a professor of religion too. "Well," he said, "give me a good farm well stocked, and I'll risk all the danger of it. Why shouldn't a man have the good of the world while he is in it?"

He was making the same mistake. "The good of the world," he said, and forgetting that it is good only as a school-house, he was trying to make easy chairs of its benches, and feasting tables of its desks. He was filling it with household stores, and wholly neglecting the lessons set for him to learn in it. I trembled as I thought of his examination day.

With a sweeter sense came the thought that this world is only a school-house, as I stood by the death-bed of an aged Christian, and heard her whisper, "All that we can enjoy of this life is very uncertain, but we know,"—here her voice failed, and I completed the sentence,—

"We know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"That," she whispered again, "is my great comfort now."—*Nak. Baptist*.

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"I won't go to Sunday School to-day."

"Dear me, how the wind blows this morning. I guess I won't go to Sunday School to-day."

Thus mused a teacher one wintry morning as, yielding to a self-indulgent impulse, he threw himself into a cosy chair before the cheerful grate, and composed himself for a nice spell at reading.

Before he was fairly seated, however, the images of his six expectant scholars rose in life-like forms before his imagination, and a voice from his affections said:

"Poor things! how *disappointed* they will be if they don't find you at school."

"Yes," added his conscience, "and how *discouraged* they will be too after walking through the cold. This and the force of your *example* will be likely to make them absentees the next unpleasant morning."

"Humph! That's so, I suppose; but, then, one cannot be always swinging like a door on its hinges between his home and his Sunday-school," replied his selfishness.

Without regarding this pettish remark, conscience proceeded:

"Your absence will *embarrass* the *superintendent*. How can he supply your place without *deranging* the order of the school while hunting up a substitute? Moreover, you will *lose* an *opportunity* to serve your Master. Your scholars may be in that state of mind to-day which best fits them to be led