

Bread-Winning.

(By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, in 'Golden Rule.')

Almost the first question in every-one's life is to settle the question that Satan put to our Lord in his first temptation. Where does bread and bread-getting come in? Is it to be the first consideration or last? According to Satan's way of looking at life, the bread question is paramount; according to Christ, secondary. Have you ever sat down and considered which policy is yours, and what you would do if you had to choose in any supreme crisis?

It is very remarkable that this was the first temptation, because it so constantly occurs in every life; and sooner or later, whether on a lone mountain side or in the crowded thoroughfares of life, the devil comes to us with the suggestion that we must live, and in the last push we must make or get our bread, leaving considerations of truth, honor, God, and eternity to come in second best.

The man that keeps his shop open on Sunday, because on that day he makes more than on all the rest of the week, says in effect, 'Bread is my first consideration; my family and I must live.' The young man that accepts a partnership in some lucrative business, against which his conscience raises urgent protests, says, 'Bread is first.' The girl that accepts a wealthy suitor with whom she can have no real sympathy, also says, 'Bread is first.' Some day you will have to choose between your situation and your conscience, between making a large income and following principle, between mammon and God. It may be God's will to give you success in life, but it is equally certain that he will require you to choose, altogether apart from other considerations, whether at all hazards you will manufacture bread, or whether you will live on every word that proceedeth out of his mouth.

Our Lord chose the latter. Had he willed, he could have supplied his hunger by the exercise of his power; but to have done so would have made it impossible for him to become the bread of life, or to multiply the five barley loaves to feed thousands.

The martyrs elected to follow the high ideals of Christ, though they rotted in noisome dungeons, and starved. The reformers chose to prosecute their conceptions of a Christian State and Church, though they had to sacrifice everything that earth counts precious. The holiest souls are those who have been so taken up with the words that proceed from the mouth of God that they have been largely indifferent to the claims of their physical life.

At every turning-point in the story of the inner life, these two methods are suggested. Christ says, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by the words of God.'

Do you want strength to stand against the wiles of the tempter? There is nothing for it but to live on the words of God. For forty days our Lord had been meditating upon them, and so when the tempter came, though the hunger of his body was making itself felt, his spirit was nourished and equipped. Go thou and do likewise. Feed on the living bread which has come down from heaven: Fill yourself with God's purposes and ideals. Let the thoughts of God be the very bread of the inner man, and when the hour of temptation comes, it will not take you a moment to choose between snatching a morsel to satisfy the cravings of passion and waiting on God.

We are all liable to attacks of hunger in various parts of our nature, and Satan is perpetually insisting on our getting satisfaction somehow.

Feed your lower nature as your first concern, and you will starve your real and better

self. This is what the men of the world are doing, whose belly is their god, who glory in their shame, and who mind earthly things. Feed your highest nature at any cost to the lower, and ultimately the whole will become satisfied. Seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto thee. Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land; and verily thou shalt be fed.'

Queen Victoria as a 'Goddess'

Miss Annie Taylor's adopted mission field of Thibet, on the western side of China, is a land of old superstitions, which have not yet been swept away by the 'glorious light of the Gospel of Christ.' It is said that only one Englishman has ever been able to stay in Thibet for any length of time. That Englishman is Mr. Majoribanks, a young traveller, who has lived for five years in the region. He confesses that even during that long time he has learnt little of the history and customs of the people. He has had many strange experiences, many hair-breadth escapes. One of the most curious things that befell him was a journey that he



MR. MAJORIBANKS FOUND THE THIBETANS WORSHIPPING A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

made into a stronghold city far up in the mountains.

Rumors had come to him that in a rugged district in the hill country there lived a strange sect which worshipped a strange white goddess—a goddess that was all-powerful for good or for evil.

Mr. Majoribanks determined to find out the facts of the case for himself. He was told that even should he reach the Thibetan stronghold, he would never leave it alive. One morning, however, with a native guide and two servants, he started out on his hazardous enterprise.

He found, contrary to his expectations, that his white face was regarded with awe and respect. The farther he journeyed into the hills, the more honor he received. At length he came to the spot so often heard of, so seldom seen, where the strangest temples of heathen religion in the world are to be found. The natives of Thibet, on seeing his white face, bowed down to their visitor almost in worship. Mr. Majoribanks soon learned that he was in the district of the Great White Goddess he had come so far to seek. He was conducted to the Khan, the principal official in the city, who received him with low salaams and the utmost respect.

On the morning following his arrival, accompanied by the Khan and two priests, Mr. Majoribanks was conducted to the temple. In awe and wonder he entered the dim-lit building. In front of a wall at one end he

saw a white idol, a golden crown on the head, jewels on the long robe with which it was clothed. The white goddess of the Thibetan heathens was nothing less than a statue of Queen Victoria. She is worshipped by them morning and night, and prayers and praise are offered up to her image.

Two years later the same traveller was exploring the more remote parts of the Indian Province of Bengal, where, in the same way, strange stories were poured into his ear of the White Queen being worshipped as an idol. After many days of investigation he was finally led to a temple built in the hollow of a rock in one of the most rugged hills in Bengal. There he found her too loyal Indian subjects, not content with serving Her Majesty as a queen, were worshipping her image as a goddess.

The idol representing Queen Victoria was carved out of soft clay, after a photograph that had been brought from Calcutta. The idol looked for all the world like a statue of the Queen modelled in wax at Madame Tussaud's. It was richly adorned with precious stones, while a golden crown rested upon the head. Of all the Bengal deities, the Great White Queen was worshipped as the most powerful.

When these people have learned the gospel of Jesus Christ, they will know that God alone is to receive the worship of men. — 'Christian Herald.'

Christ Present.

'One Saturday night,' once said the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, in a public address, 'I dreamed that I was in my pulpit, on a Sunday morning, just about to announce my text, when a stranger entered the church. He was a plain man of thoughtful countenance. He walked up one of the aisles, passing pews that were filled, until I became anxious lest he should not find a seat; but presently one of the members received him into his pew. I announced my text and proceeded with the discourse. Somehow the stranger drew my gaze irresistibly throughout the sermon, so unearthly was the expression on his face; and I said to myself, "I must find out who he is; I must speak to him." So soon as the benediction was pronounced I stepped down from the pulpit intending to make my way to the stranger; but I was intercepted, and when I got to the pew he was gone. I eagerly enquired of the brother who had seated him, "Can you tell me who the stranger was?" "Why, don't you know?" was the reply; "it was Jesus Christ." "Then," said Dr. Gordon, "I was seized with an anxious desire to recall all that I had said that morning, feeling a painful apprehension lest I had said something that wounded the blessed Saviour. I cannot tell how grateful I was when assured that I had said nothing that I would not have been willing to say had I known that Jesus was present. Such was my dream," said the doctor. "The memory of it has never left me. And always now am I conscious that Jesus is one of my hearers." — 'Morning Star.'

Enriched by Losses.

The soil of the vineyards on the slopes of Vesuvius is disintegrated lava. The richest grapes from which a precious wine is made grow on the product of eruptions which tore the mountain side and darkened all the sky. So our costliest graces of character are grown in a heart enriched by losses and made fertile by convulsions which rent it, and covered smiling verdure with what seemed at first a fiery flood of ruin.—Dr. Maclaren.