

THE WILL OF GOD.

At one of the closing meetings of the Northfield Conference in 1888, Prof Drummond said:

"In a few hours we shall all be off the mountain top and down again into valley, and I remember that mountain tops were never made by God to be inhabited. They are places to go up to and have a look around, and rest a little, and take a good view, and get near Heaven, and then come down again. The use of a mountain in nature is to send streams down into the valleys, where are villages and towns, and cities, and that is the use of a conference like this. What we are to take with us is some running stream of this mountain, that it may refresh and satisfy the body of the world that God has given us to influence. But for the most part we shall have to go and live commonplace lives. Most of us will not have to go home to pulpits, but to household duties and business, and professional cares. I shall have to lay down my Bible, and take my geological hammer, and open my closet and take out my fossils and skeletons. Is it a down-come, or all the same to God? The answer is contained in the words which I have read to you.

"I wish that we could all get into our minds one other little principle: What is the end of life? The end of life is, not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. For the individual, the answer to the question, 'What is the end of life?' is, To do the will of God, whatever it may be. Spurgeon replied to an invitation to speak to an exceptionally large audience, 'I have no ambition to preach to ten thousand people, but to do the will of God,' and he declined. If we could say, 'I have no ambition to go to the heathen, I have no ambition to win souls, my ambition is to do the will of God, whatever that may be,' that makes all lives equally great or equally small; because the only great thing in life is what of God's will there is in it.

"The maximum achievement of any man's life, after all is over, is to have done the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon can have done

any more with their lives; and a dairy-maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report and ill, through temptation and prosperity, and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China, or you, who are going to Africa, may have to stay where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist, may have to go into business; and you, who are going into business, may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in any life till that principle is taken possession of.

"How can you build up a life on that principle? Let me give you an outline of a little Bible reading:

"The definition of an ideal life: 'A man after my own heart, who will fulfil all my law.' The object of life: 'I come to do Thy will, O God.'

"The first thing you need after life is food: 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me.'

"The next thing you need after food is society: 'He that doeth the will of my Father in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister, and mother.'

"You want education: 'Teach me to do Thy will, O God.'

"You want pleasure: 'I delight to do Thy will, O God.'

"A whole life can be built upon that one vertical column, and then, when all is over, 'He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'"

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

When the morning paints the skies,

And the birds their songs renew,

Let me from my slumbers rise,

Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above

Day by day my pathway strew,

Is it much to bless thy love,

Father? "What would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task

And the round of toil pursue,

Let me often brightly ask,

"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile

Whispering thoughts and words untrue,

Let me to his subtlest wile

Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

When the clouds of sorrow hide

Mirth and sunshine from my view,

Let me, clinging to thy side,

Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

Only let Thy love, O God,

Fill my spirit through and through,

Treading where my Saviour trod,

Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"

—Bishop Bickersteth.

A CONTENTED FARMER.

ONCE upon a time, Frederick King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, and cheerily singing his melody.

"You are well off, old man," said the king. "Does this one acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the king. "I am not so rich as that; I plow by the day for wages."

"How much do you get?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen (about twenty cents) a day," said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the king: "can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something to spare."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said:

"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife, with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children that they may receive instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with this answer, said:

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I can not unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his