

from honor or duty, a grieving of the spirit's promptings, if not a direct setting aside of the command, yet a putting off and trying our own way first; and how eager are we to excuse ourselves by pleading with him, "Is it not a little one?" How often is humanity demanding of the Divine will an acquiescence in its promptings; and crying out for this, as that, which seemeth our need, but which, in his wisdom, he withholds—and we, feeling it to be essential to life—or even life, or more than life itself, think what a great thing it is for us, and cry out, "Lord is it not a little one," a very little thing for thy Almightyness to perform? Often when allurements and temptations present themselves, humanity dares to hold controversy with the voice of God (conscience), and argues in many wily suggestions, "Is it not a little one?"

"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will aid you some other to win."

Can any sin, any devotion or swerving from the right be a "little one" which cost the precious blood of Christ! And yet, and yet how gladly we come back for real rest to the consoling words "He knoweth our feeble frames and remembereth that we are dust."

But has experience a memory of entire submission to the Divine will, have we ever fully acquiesced, and set forth to scale the difficulties of the mountain pass, with the firm trust that it is the appointment of him who knoweth best, and whose strength is sufficient; and have we reached the summit? Who may reveal the soul's exaltation as we stand, fanned by the breezes, and cheered by the view of the country which lies beyond, as we "look unto the hills from whence cometh our help." And gazing backward we try to contemplate the great achievement of faith and obedience, we are compelled to exclaim:

"I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without thee;
But Oh, the tenderness of thy enfolding,
And Oh, the fullness of thy upholding!"

And when the toil and burdens of life are all passed, and we are waiting in the valley of shadows, almost fearing the chill of the dark waters of Jordan, may we not confidently say like the dying child: "Tis only a little brook after all!" and when the Jordan is safely

forded o'er, exclaim in wondering thankfulness, "Is it not a little one?"

MAY A. HAMLIN.
Jackson, Maine, May, 1862.

The Lesson of the Harvest.

The church is God's farm. Paul is a laborer, Apollo is a laborer, Cephas is a laborer; but the farm is not Paul's, not so much as a rood of it, nor does a single parcel of land belong to Apollos, or the smallest allotment to Cephas; for "Ye are Christ's." Our Master means that every laborer on his farm should receive some benefit from it, for he never muzzles the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. The laborers employed by God are all occupied upon needful work. "I have planted, Apollos watered" On God's farm none are kept for ornamental purposes. Many of the members of our churches live as if their only business on the farm was to pluck blackberries or gather wild-flowers. They are great at finding fault with other people's ploughing and mowing, but not a hand's turn will they do themselves. The reward is proportionate, not to the success but to the labor. Many discouraged workers may be comforted by that expression. You are not to be paid by results, but by endeavors. You may have had a stiff bit of clay to plough, or a dreary plot of land to sow, where stones, and birds, and thorns, and travelers, and a burning sun may all be leagued against the seed; but you are not accountable for these things; your reward shall be according to your work. The laborers are nobodies, but they shall enter into the joy of the Lord.—*Spurgeon.*

Sowing and Reaping.

How slow the world is to believe that mental and spiritual sowing, just as surely and soon, brings forth a crop as any other sowing! No one professes to doubt that wheat will produce more wheat, or beans a crop of beans. Yet men take in and believe (yea, spread around them) bad principles and degraded habits, and do not seem to recognize that these will "grow."

Not one of us has the right to do anything, without expecting the proper reward or result to follow that action. A bad boy naturally makes a bad man; an evil habit, or bent of mind, will degrade the whole soul. A man thinks and

"resolves" that he will never go into the penitentiary; yet he robs and steals; and he is sent there for fifteen years, and dies in prison! He failed to see that crime always leads to its punishment.

But there is a deliverance! Not that Satan becomes willing to let you go; not that sin has ceased to be most abominable in the sight of God; but this, that Christ has come "to destroy the works of the devil." And where does he find them? In your heart, poor sinner! This insensibility to the evil of sin—this putting off all serious thought—this want of desire to be rid of sin—this despairing of God's mercy: Christ comes to make destruction of these! You may keep him out; you have done so already; but if you admit him, (and you have, in words at least, often prayed him to "come!") he destroys all these. If a man is not willing to have the evil rooted out of his nature, he cannot be saved.—REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, in *Church and Home.*

Memory of Kindness.

Among the Alps, when the day is done and twilight and darkness are creeping over fold and hamlet in the valleys below, Mont Rosa and Mont Blanc rise up far above the darkness, catching from the retreating sun something of his light, flushed with rosecolor, exquisite beyond all words, or pencil, or paint, glowing like the gate of heaven. And so past favors and kindnesses lift themselves up in the memory of noble natures, and long after the lower parts of life are darkened by neglect, or selfishness, or anger, former loves, high up above all clouds, glow with divine radiance and seem to forbid the advance of night any further. H. W. BEECHER, in *Domestic Journal.*

Self-Sacrifice.

Pure religion and undefiled is "ministering," not the other thing—"being ministered unto." It is handing over the morning paper to another for first perusal. It is vacating a pleasant seat by the fire for one who comes in chilled. It is giving up the most restful arm-chair or sofa corner for one who is weary. It is "moving up" in the pew to let the new-comer sit down by the entrance. It is rising from your place to darken the blind, when the sun's rays stream in too brightly upon some face in the

circle. It is giving up your own comfort and convenience every time for the comfort and convenience of another. This is at once true courtesy and real Christianity. If we mean to copy the spirit of the Master we must be ready in every relation of life, and at every hour of the day, to give up being waited upon, and to practice this self-sacrificing, beneficent, "ministering" graciousness of spirit and conduct.—*Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone.*

Think what it is to hate anything but sin; to be full of love to every creature; to be frightened at nothing; to be sure that all things will turn to good; not to mind pain, because it is our Father's will; to know that nothing—no, not if the earth was to be burnt up or the waters come and drown us—nothing could part us from God who loves us, and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever he wills is holy, just and good.—*Ex.*

A very pretty story is told of the mother of Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who recently completed her eightieth birthday at Saratoga where she has been spending the summer. She is too deaf to hear her son preach, but every Sunday morning before church he tells her what he is going to preach about and gives her an outline of his sermon, and then she prays for him in her room during the hours of service. She was left a widow fifty-five years ago, when her son was only four years old.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more than that the eye is in every part—that is to say, every other part would be mutilated were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself.

Remember that truth commonly goes in russet, and error in purple. The sober judgment which can not be seduced by the glitter of false ideas, hides itself in by-ways among slow, humdrum people, while error envelopes itself in a daring sophistry that captivate brilliant men and women. Do not deny this until you have well thought of it, and then you will not deny it.—*O. B. Bruce.*