

in her work. One day her mistress came into the kitchen, saw the tracts, and began to converse concerning them, and the people among whom they were left; the result of the conversation was, that she became deeply interested in the spiritual condition of the population around her, and prevailed upon her husband to spend several thousand dollars in the erection of buildings for the religious instruction of the young! We know the statement to be true, and it proves what great good even a servant girl may accomplish.

Another spade is inviting people to attend the house of God. A young man was standing, on a Sabbath evening, at a corner of one of the London streets; he was invited to go to a neighboring sanctuary; he gave himself to missionary work, and became famous throughout the world as the "Martyr of Erromanga." About a hundred years ago a young man entered a place of worship in Birmingham. When the service was over, a person who sat in the same pew said a few words concerning the sermon, and invited the young man to come again. Pleased with the politeness of the stranger, the young man went again; he received spiritual good, became a member and an officer of the church, and had the privilege, later in life, of paying for the publication of Dr. Carey's Address upon Missions to the heathen, which many look upon as one of the first steps in the sublime career of the Christian church in modern times.

Dear reader, try to work for Christ; strive to be something like him of whom it is beautifully said, "He went about doing good," and who most truly said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Jesus has done much for you, then say to him with a loving teachableness, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Remember that in religious matters, as in temporal affairs, "where there is a will there is a way." Oh, let us consecrate ourselves afresh to his service, "who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—*Selected.*

It is much easier to criticise than to construct. A little child can burn buildings which it required years of careful labor to erect.

"Man Has But One Chance."

"Gentlemen, this universe, up to the edge of the tomb, is not a joke. There are in this life serious differences between the right hand and the left. Nevertheless, in our present career, a man has but one chance. Even if you come weighted into the world, as Sindbad was with the Old Man of the Sea, you have but one chance. Time does not fly in a circle, but forth, and right on. The wandering, squandering, desiccated moral leper is gifted with no second set of early years. There is no fountain in Florida that gives perpetual youth; and the universe might be searched, probably in vain, for such a spring. Waste your youth; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your middle life; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your old age; in it you shall have but one chance. It is an irreversible natural law that character attains final permanence, and in the nature of things final permanence can come but once. This world is fearfully and wonderfully made, and so are we, and we shall escape neither ourselves nor these stupendous laws. It is not to me a pleasant thing to exhibit these truths from the side of terror; but, on the other side, these are the truths of bliss; for, by this very law through which all character tends to be come unchanging, a soul that attains a final permanence of good character runs but one risk and is delivered once for all from its torture and unrest. It has passed the bourne from behind which no man is caught out of the fold. He who is the force behind all natural law is the Keeper of His sheep, and no one is able to pluck them out of his hand. Himself without variable-ness or shadow of turning, he maintains the irreversibility of all natural forces, one of which is the insufferably majestic law by which character tends to assume final permanence, good, as well as bad."—*Rev. Joseph Cook, D. D.*

An every-day religion, one that loves the duties of our common walk; one that makes an honest man; one that accomplishes an intellectual and moral growth in the subject; one that works in all weather, and improves all opportunities, will best and most healthily promote the growth of a church and the power of the Gospel.—*Bushnell.*

One by One.

It will be well for us to learn to speak to individuals, singly. A congregation of one may be large enough to call forth all our powers in proclaiming the good news of salvation. Often we may save sinners one by one. If you had a bushel of bottles, and wanted to fill them with water, you would not think the quickest way would be to get a fire-engine and hose, and play over the heap,—especially if the corks were all in; but you would be likely to take a single bottle by the neck, extract the cork, and then by means of a funnel turn in a little water at a time until it was filled; and then take another, and repeat the process. You would get more bottles filled that way, than with a hose and fire engine playing upon them. So you may be able to accomplish more by working single-handed, than in crowds. You may preach the Word by the wayside and by the fireside; for people need the same Gospel indoors as out.—*Ec.*

Events are messengers of either Divine goodness or justice. Each has a mission to fulfill; and, as it comes from God, why not let it be accomplished in peace? Painful heart-rending, though they may be, they are still the will of God. Watch them as they come, with a little trembling, perhaps even terror, but never let them destroy in the least degree thy faith and resignation. To be meek under these circumstances does not mean awaiting them with a stoic firmness which proceeds from pride, or hardening one's self against them to the point of repressing all trembling. No! God allows us sometimes to anticipate, postpone, or even when possible flee from them, at any rate we may try to soothe and soften them a little. The Good Father, when he sends them, sends at the same time the means by which they may be endured, and perhaps averted. Remedies in sickness, love in trouble, devotion in privations, comfort in weakness, tears in sorrow.—*Gold Dust.*

Prayer is a retirement from earth to attend on God, and hold correspondence with him who dwells in heaven. The things of this world, therefore, must be commanded to stand by for a season, and to abide at the foot of the mount while we walk up higher to offer up our sacrifices as Abraham did, and to meet our God.

Tharwaldsen's Sadness.

Growth is gladdening. He who grows in holiness grows in joy. Spiritual strength brings gladness. It is poor, half-hearted religion, not spiritual, but the want of it—that breeds gloom. The consciousness that a man is becoming stronger in his faith, clearer in his convictions, warmer in his love, must, from its very nature, be a glad consciousness. And the hope of greater strength yet to be attained, of loftier heights yet to be reached, is more joyous still. A story is told of Tharwaldsen, the sculptor, that on one occasion, when he was adding a few finishing touches to one of his master pieces—a statue of Christ—a friend called upon him at his studio and found him in a depressed and desponding mood. On inquiring the cause of his unusual and apparently untimely depression, the sculptor gave this singular answer. Pointing to his work he said, "I can see no fault in it; my genius is decaying; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with." The suspicion that his genius had culminated, that he had reached the utmost maturity of his power, might well sadden a man who was enthusiastically devoted to his art.—*London Baptist.*

Why Is It?

Why is it that this world is so full of restlessness, of dissatisfaction, of hurry, and of ceaseless activity? It is because existence, being, life, are congenial to man's organism, and because of a desire that this existence should be enjoyed under the most favorable circumstances. Yea, when we probe to the bottom we are forced to confess that it is the principle of immortality implanted in man that is the secret of all his activity. Oh, if it were not for the thought of living forever, how many busy hands and hearts would become as though dead! There comes sweeping along the vista of eternity a blessed inspiration to do, to be, to live, in the best sense of the word.—*Ec.*

If you do not wish to speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busybodies, and those who love to talk of other men's faults; or if you cannot decently reprove them on account of their quality, then direct the discourse some other way; or if you cannot do that, by seeming not to mind it, you may sufficiently signify that you do not like it.