

The Old Meeting house.

We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Giving as a Duty.

BY THE REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

Some of the requirements of Scripture are treated as of secondary importance, because they are not prefaced with 'Thou shalt' or 'Thou shalt not'; while in fact they are no less positive and peremptory than those others which were written with God's finger on the tables of stone.

Such, for example, are the many precepts which appertain to benevolence, to almsgiving, to the paying of a just proportion of one's substance for the propagation of the Gospel and the support of the sanctuary.

It is often said by those who wish to excuse themselves for parsimony that their first duty is to themselves and to the members of their own household.

There is no saying that covers a greater multitude of shortcomings than that mean proverb, 'Charity begins at home.' Now it is true that 'if any provide not for his own and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.'

On the other hand, I believe it might be shown, by a process of moral computation, that benevolence is the very best provision against hunger and nakedness.

John Bunyan wrote, "A man there was—and people called him mad— The more he gave away the more he had."

Is it not always so, that the more we give away the more we have? How else shall we construe the word of promise? 'Blessed is the liberal man; the Lord shall make his bed in sickness; his horn shall be exalted.'

But, after all, the duty of giving is based upon no mere selfish consideration. We ought to give not that we may be, but because we have been blessed; not for self's sake, but for love of him who, for our sake, became poor that we by his poverty might be made rich.

Sharing with others what the Lord has bestowed upon us is an acceptable form of thanksgiving. God's blessing is always a gratuity; but none the less does it call for its expression in human life but love and benevolence.

It is wrong to regard our wealth, be it little or great, as ours in fee simple; it is ours only in trust. We are God's stewards; and for the proper use and

investment of every farthing assigned to us we shall be called to a strict account. If we array ourselves in purple and fine linen, while the poor go naked and shivering, if we dwell in houses of cedar, while the ark of God is within curtains; we are guilty of appropriating to our personal use that which did not belong to us.

It should be remembered, moreover, that duty, by assiduous practice, becomes the highest pleasure of life.

That man may live but never lives, Who much receives but nothing gives; Whom none can love, whom none can thank; Creation's blot, creation's blank!

The fact that miser and misery are words of cognate derivation is not without significance; for a closed hand is the outward mark of leanness of soul.

I had rather be an Italian harp-boy, living on the charity of those who love the harmony of sweet sounds, than to be a millionaire with a soul delighting only in the music of clinking coin.

He was the great Giver. He came from heaven to bring good gifts to men; sight to the blind, peace to the troubled soul, rest to the weary and heavy laden, light and life to all that were in darkness and the shadow of death, a cup of God's cool water for the parched lips of those that were thirsting after righteousness.

And, to the end that these good gifts might bear the name of self-denying love, he gave his tears for sorrow, his blood for sin! He gave his life a ransom for the lost. Loving to give, he freely gave us all. He that would be truly happy must, in this, be Christ like, "willing to communicate."

But the generous man whose eyes are turned both outward and upward, who denies himself that he may help the needy and spend and be spent for his Master's sake, who forgets himself in his eagerness to hear the widow's thanks and God's "well done," this is the man whose life is blest with a peace that passeth knowledge.

To make humanity the minister Of boundless Providences, and teach the breast The generous luxury the gods enjoy." Chris. Intelligencer

The Imperative Call.

The divine call comes to living men in this present day as really as it came to the saints and heroes of other days. Happy the soul that hears and responds. Whatever the cost of implicit obedience, the rewards of time and eternity will compensate a thousandfold.

We are now on the eve of a most eventful election. The leadership of a great nation like ours involves an immense responsibility as ever rested upon human shoulders.

But can we push Christian work in all its manifold activities while the

whole country is excited, interested and pre-occupied with a great national election? Yes, certainly, this is not only possible, it is the very thing that ought to be done.

He remarks: "But have not the greatest evangelists of England and America suddenly lost power when they began to preach the near second coming of the Lord and declared that they lay down every night expecting to hear the last trumpet before morning?"

What fervent pastor has found the efficiency, grace and graciousness of his individual members increased by embracing this doctrine? What minister has not lost power when he has gone into a hopeless jungle of dates, symbols he did not understand, and vagaries that to others betokened an unbalanced mind?

All this means that pastors and people ought to plan to commence revival services this autumn, just as soon as possible. It should be a fixed determination of every pastor and member of the church to do everything that mortal man, filled with the power of all the fulness of God, can do to wake the slumbering church, to alarm the careless in Zion, to bring back the wanderers, and to lead penitent souls to Christ.

Let all the people be ready to answer the calls of the silver trumpet or the ram's horn as the leaders of God's embattled hosts make ready for the conflict. By all means let every voter do his duty, and cast his vote for the best possible results, but let every Christian who is a voter, and every other Christian who is not a voter, enter upon revival work long before the chilling frosts of autumn, long before the first snow-flake falls, long before the howling blasts and cruel storms of winter; yes, long before the fateful day of election.

In attempting to redeem the arid plains of New South Wales, resort has been had to artesian wells, and it is noticeable that the deeper the bore the more affluent the result.

Does It Go Deep Enough?

The world most wonderful century. "The world cannot withstand I, an ancient Conqueror; The world must sink beneath the hand Which arms us for the war; "This is the victory, Before our faith they fall; Jesus hath died for you and me; Believe and conquer all."

The Debt Paid.

Henry Clay was at one time considerably distressed by a large debt due to the bank. Some of his friends heard of this, and quietly raised the money and paid off the debt without notifying Mr. Clay.

A wish is but a leaf through which the tree breathes; it rustles, whispers, withers and is forgotten; a will is the fruit summing up the juices of the tree, sending forth seed that embodies the secret of the tree and will reproduce the life if the soil wishes as the tree wills.—O. P. Gifford.

and, unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank.

This is a faint image of what Jesus Christ has done for us. He has met our obligation to God's law. He has purchased eternal life for us.

A Trouble-Breeding Doctrine.

Bishop H. W. Warren of the Methodist Episcopal church, writing in Zion's Herald, asks some searching questions of those whose faith respecting the second coming of Christ is so intense that it dominates all their thought and acts.

He remarks: "But have not the greatest evangelists of England and America suddenly lost power when they began to preach the near second coming of the Lord and declared that they lay down every night expecting to hear the last trumpet before morning?"

A Cornish Cobbler's Sermon.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon." Now, I am sure it is a good plan to go looking after one soul.

Every soul in the world do belong to our Lord. He made 'em, every one, and he bought 'em, every one, with his precious blood.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small." An' because the realm of nature wasn't their's they didn't give anything at all.—Unidentified.

Complete Only in Christ.

Human character and human conditions are made complete only in Christ. The character which rejects or does not openly and heartily welcome Christ is a bad character.

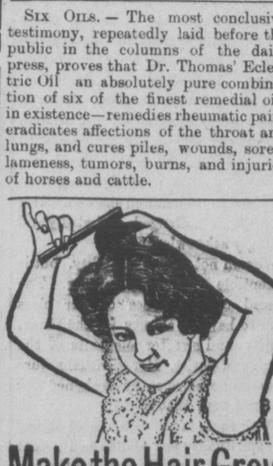
Heart Failure.

The Herald and Presbyterian says:— We see people breaking down spiritual-ly. What is the matter? How does it come? Here is a man who gives up his interest in religious life and activity.

It is easier to go six miles to hear a sermon, than to spend one-quarter of an hour in meditating on it when I come home.—Philip Henry.

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