

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morning is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight.
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days,
Which never shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn.
In the chime of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!
And, spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

MAKE ALL SURE.

A house had been rapidly run up. It was six stories high, and built of stone, with thick walls. All had proceeded without hindrance, and the roof was being placed upon the structure. It was, however, wretchedly put together, and the foundation was bad. What mattered? It looked substantial. Plastered over it would make an attractive hotel, for it was admirably situated; and if it did not stand for ages yet it would serve for immediate use and bring in a good return, and then it would be sold, and the new comers would have to look to repairs. So thought the builder, and he was no more of a rogue than others are who think only of themselves and the immediate present. Had all gone smoothly so might it have been; but things did not go smoothly, for there came a waterspout upon the hills above the town, and the rain fell in tropical abundance upon the town itself. A flood rushed into the streets, and swept by the wall of this new fabric with tremendous force. It lasted scarce half an hour; but it was a torrent, four feet deep, of mud and water, driven with great velocity, and it did a vast amount of mischief in that space, even to the drowning of six or more human beings. When we saw the fine new hotel that was to have been, it was shored up with immense timbers, for the foundations were giving way and the walls were ready to come down in a heap. Everybody said, "It must be taken down."

This is after the fashion of many a man's religion. It is a fine pile, and promises great usefulness to the man himself, and possibly to others. True, it is somewhat of the kind known as "a contract job," yet it is fairly well put together. Not much cement of grace, no solid foundation upon eternal verities—such things are rather old-fashioned; but in lieu of these substantial matters a good deal of stucco and plaster of Paris has been used, composed of charity to all denominations, and broad views on spiritual subjects. The lofty edifice might have stood a lifetime at least if the weather had been propitious, but alas! an unusual temptation happened, and in a few minutes the structure would have gone to the ground if it had not been propped up with extra hypocrisy and cunning deceit. As it is, it will have to be taken down sooner or later, and it will be better sooner than later.

The hotel is a wretched object now, and hardly safe for those who pass by; it must come down. But what a waste of labor! What ruinous expense in putting up, taking down, and putting up again. The like is the case of the badly-built professor; his condition after his late temptation by no means commands respect. To what purpose has been his waste of professional zeal? What cost yet awaits him! Getting up the name of a Christian man, repenting of the deceit, and clearing one's self of the falsehood, and then going to God in sincerity so as to get upon the true foundation; all these make up a lengthened process. How much better for the professing man to have taken heed to his building at first! Solidity turns out to be economy. Truth pays best. Wood, hay, or stubble, may be cheap at the moment, but before long they prove to be more costly than gold, silver, and precious stones. When the fire comes, see how they are whirled away in clouds of smoke, while the poor builder loses his all. Mark how in another case the flood sweeps and mines the lower tiers of stone, and makes the wall heave, and shift, and bulge till great is the fall thereof. Let us learn from the follies of others. Fires and floods will come to us also, and we shall be doubly blamed if they find us unpre-

pared; for as we are forewarned we ought to be forearmed. God grant we may be. Take heed to thyself, good master, and do thy work for eternity, for anything less lasting will bring thee misery. Dig deep; build firmly, and be prepared for the unexpected. The motto of the Armorer's Company in the olden time is a wise counsel for every man among us: Leave nothing uncertain in thy soul's affairs, but—*make all sure.*—*Spurgeon's Sword and Trowel.*

THE TREASURE HID IN A FIELD.

BY REV. W. W. EVERTS, JR.

Kretzfeld, in his great work on the parables, puts "the hid treasure" first in the list. If the short verse that contains this parable is thought worthy of such pre-eminence, it certainly deserves fresh study. Considering this parable in its connection with others in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, what light is thrown upon its meaning? This group of parables concerning the kingdom of heaven might be called "The Hidden Things," or "The Hidden Things Brought to Light." The good seed, the tares, the mustard seed, the leaven, the treasure, the pearl, the fish, good and bad, were all hidden in the field, the leaven, or the sea, and then brought to light. The earthly occupations of the farmer, the housewife, the digger, the merchant and the fisherman are chosen to set forth the development of the Kingdom of God from beginning to end, until all opposition is overcome. To the Lord's query, "Have ye understood all these things?" the apostles replied, "Yea." They understood because they had received the key to one of the parables, and with that key they opened the rest. "He that soweth the good seed is the son of man; and the field is the world; and the good seed, these are the sons of the kingdom; and the tares are the sons of the evil one." They knew that these parables described what Jesus was doing. It was the Son of Man who sowed the good seed, and the mustard seed, who hid the leaven, found the treasure, bought the pearl and sinned for the fish. They knew that these parables described the progress of the kingdom of heaven upon the earth. The world was both the field, in which lay the good seed, the mustard seed, and the treasure, and also the three measures of meal and the sea.

They knew that "the sons of the kingdom" were not only the good seed, but also the mustard seed, the leaven, the treasure, the pearl of great price, and the good fish. They knew that "the sons of the evil one" were represented not by tares only but also by the fish that were cast away. The progress of the kingdom upon earth is shown to be first the scattering broadcast of truth and grace over the world. Then in those hearts which receive the gospel and give the best promise of a harvest, Satan sows error and vice. Though but little of the good seed takes root, yet like the little mustard seed and leaven, it grows and spreads wonderfully. Finally we see the son of man whose work as sower was chosen or rejected by the hearts of men, himself choosing or rejecting the hearts of men. He buys the whole field, but it is the treasure hid in it he chooses. He rejects countless worthless pearls for the one of great price, and casts away "the bad," while he gathers the good fish into the vessel. Now, then, we have the connection with the rest of the parable under consideration. The world is the field which Jesus bought. "He taketh away the sin of the world;" "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son;" "Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all;" "that by the grace of God he should taste death for every man;" "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Yes, Jesus bought the world, but he was intent on the treasure, "the sons of the kingdom" hidden in it. The purchase of the field to get the treasure, the ransom of the world to secure the elect, is set forth by Paul when he says: "We have our hope set on the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe;" and by Jesus himself in the refrain: "Many are called, but few are chosen." The remaining points of the parable will be plain to every Bible reader by reference to such texts as these: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price;" "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." He not only paid full price for us, but he did it with joy. "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross." Observe that the Father hid the treasure for the Son to find, gave him the field, and that "there is nothing hid save that it should be manifested; neither was anything made secret but that it should come to light."—*Standard.*

PERSONAL WORK FOR CHRIST.

The faithful Christian can hardly fail to find some opportunities for personal work in the service of the Master. There will be lonely hearts to cherish, tears to wipe away, sorrowing ones to console, widowed and fatherless ones to visit and comfort; there will be doubting and perplexed souls to enlighten, and it may be, if they are quick to see and wise to act persons will accomplish more even in their solitary condition than others having larger opportunities, but less diligent and watchful zeal.

We may not only speak a word in season to the weary but we may sometimes use the pen. Many a Christian believer has done great good by writing letters to friends, and even to strangers scattered up and down the world. Sometimes a letter comes in an hour of darkness and despondency like a burst of music from the realms of Paradise, and the strong and steadfast faith of some courageous disciple rekindles the drooping flame in the hearts of those who are weary and sad. We may also make use of the issues of the press, and with slight expense and little labor do much to disseminate the truth as it is in Christ. A paper with some interesting article marked and sent to a friend may be a messenger of grace and mercy to one who is in need. A little tract sent by mail or enclosed in a letter, if properly selected, may be an instrument of great blessing; and it may pass from hand to hand until in the day of judgment, the sender may be surprised to find how widely the rippling waters have felt the impulse started by his hand. A thousand opportunities of this kind arise. Tracts may be given away indiscriminately and yet trustfully; or they may be most carefully and prayerfully selected. We are to sow by all waters and God alone can give the increase.

A Christian friend whose sphere of labor was somewhat restricted through a period of years, was accustomed, when he found something especially good, profitable or instructive, to enclose it in an envelope and mail it without a word to a neighboring pastor. He had probably little acquaintance with him and perhaps never spoke to him on the subject in which he was most interested; but from time to time tracts, papers and pamphlets were sent anonymously by this Christian man, through the post-office to this pastor. After a time it was noticed that some of the thoughts thus sent seemed to come echoing back from the pulpit and this continued for years. The good man who set in motion this train of causes has gone to his rest; but the minister yet lives and labors actively, and proclaims those truths which were thus conveyed to him from time to time and offered to his consideration by the quiet working of this Christian man.—*Selected.*

A MISTAKE OF MOTHERS.

The one grand mistake that every many mothers make, is in making slaves of themselves for their children. We have in mind a mother—and there are far too many like her—of four little daughters. The youngest is a nursing babe, and the eldest a girl of fourteen; but the latter is asked to do no more than the former, and is indeed no more good, no more aid to her mother. Of course it is the mother's fault. Her child has always been allowed to use her time as she sees fit. She does not even make her own bed; never wipes or washes a dish; does not even comb her own hair, or that of the younger ones. During vacation, as soon as breakfast is over, she takes her book and saunters out to the hammock, and there lies and reads till dinner time, and visits when she pleases, but never offers to aid in the bearing of the fearful burden of such a family—how fearful only the mother knows.

To be the mother of such a family, either with servants or without (and this family can afford no servant) is to make of her a perfect slave. Make the burden as light as possible, it must still be very heavy. Think of the cooking, the washing of dishes; the sweeping; and "tidying up;" the scrubbing; the washing of four girls; the sewing and mending; the caring for baby; the never-ending, ever-present array of tasks that need many hands to do, but when done, all by just one pair, it becomes appalling.

No wonder mother is pale and ill, and fast growing old. You may, perhaps, begin to be ashamed of mother, because of her looking so old, and because of her ignorance. But how can she look fresh when every moment she is working for you? How can she be learned when she can obtain not one moment for reading or for self-improvement? Go to work yourself, son or daughter (and it will not hurt sons any more than daughters, but rather do them good); lift a few of the burdens from her shoulders, and you will soon see how round and soft her features

will become. Toil, yourself, incessantly, for ever so short a time, and see how soon you, too, will grow old prematurely.

"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy;" but your idleness is murdering mother, and if you want to keep her any length of time, go to work and help her carry the burdens you make.—*Golden Censer.*

THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.

The minimum Christian! Who is he? He is the Christian who is trying to go to heaven at as cheap a rate as possible. He is the man who aims at having as little religion as he can without lacking it altogether. He wants to get all of the world he can, and yet escape the worldling's doom.

The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning, and in the evening also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has the headache from eating too much dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very sensibly—to his neighbors. He goes rarely to the prayer-meeting as it is very apt to be uninteresting. He goes occasionally to communion, and is frequently quite regular in his family prayers for a week or two after.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sunday-school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week that he needs Sunday as a day of rest—nor does he think himself qualified to act as teacher. He is in favor of tract distribution, and of visiting the poor; but he has no time to take part in these labors of love. He thinks it a good thing for laymen to assist at prayer-meetings, and in social religious circles; but he has no gift for public prayer, or for making addresses, and he must leave it to others. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions, and gives his "mite." He thinks there are "too many appeals," but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it—at all events he aims at it.—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE DYING MINISTER.

Burdened with the weight of years and labours, the old preacher lay upon his couch, waiting the summons of the messenger to call him across the river. Around him were gathered his children and brethren, ministering, as far as they could, to his every want. He lay silent for a time, when one of the watchers said: "He is going soon." Tears were flowing freely from many eyes. He roused a little, murmuring something that none could understand. "His mind wanders in the last hour," said one. "He seems to revive a little." "Raise my head," he said. "Is it time for the sermon?" The lights are burning, and the song seems to have died away." All voices were hushed as he continued:

"Well, my text is from Jesus: 'In my Father's house are many mansions'—blessed words of promise. You poor, lowly ones who dwell in cabins, remember it is a mansion awaits you; and you poor, waiting ones, I promised there are many of them. I promised my children to come home, but that mansion is my home. I am too weary to preach long to-night, brethren."

"What is that I hear? The music should not begin before the sermon is over—strange voices, too—no, not strange; 'tis the wife of my early youth leading the choir—yes, and mother, too. I can't preach; let me lie down and rest." He opened his eyes. In them was a far-away look, but what he saw none of the watchers could tell. Raising his hand solemnly, he said: "Let us pronounce the benediction. May grace, mercy and peace abide—" An unintelligible murmur, and the hush of silence came, to be broken by the sighing and sobbing of watchers. The old preacher had preached his last sermon.—*Christian Advocate.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Even our weary and resting moments may be made useful to our fellowmen. Not prosperity, but adversity, commonly quickens and intensifies faith. It is when all else seems to fail that God's loving control stands out as un-failing sure.

To be content is not to be satisfied. No one ought to be satisfied with the imperfect. It is God's will that we should bear, and contentedly, because in hope for the redemption of the body.

Retribution is one of the grand principles in the divine administration of human affairs; a requital is imperceptible only to the wilfully unobservant. There is everywhere the working of the everlasting law of requital; man

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